# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded, in Weekly, Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominismo

No. 141.

d, price

IUS Ax.

TES thers of

Benger; RCE.

Vork, as

trait of

trait of

very in.

e son of

e Third

of King

trait of

trait of

it of Sir

rait of

trait of

rait of

trait of

Portrait

ait of

trait of

trait of

rait of

ait of

rait of

rait of

rait of

trait of

of Na-

Duke

ait of

rait of

nd sold

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1822.

Price 6d.

# Review of New Books.

The First Canto of Ricciardetto, translated from the Italian of Forteguerri; with an Introduction concerning the principal Romantic, Burlesque, and Mock-heroic Poets; and Notes, Critical and Philological. By Silvester (Douglas) Lord Glenbervie. Svo. pp. 232. London, 1822.

LORD Glenbervie, at an age when mental and bodily powers are generally too far exhausted for literary pursuits, has, in his seventy-seventh year, given to the world not only a spirited translation of a poem, of that class which is generally considered the most difficult to be transferred into another language, but has also enriched the literature of the age with an ingenious dissertation on poetry, and with some notes, in which he displays much critical acumen and philological research. His lordship is already well known to a large circle of friends for his refined taste and classical attainments, and not less favourably so to the public as editor of a volume of poems by his amiable brother-in-law, Captain Mercer.

The poem now given to the public was printed some months ago, and distributed by his lordship among his friends, from whom, he says, he hoped to elicit good natured and useful remarks and counsel touching its numerous defects. With some trivial corrections from those his lordship had consulted, and with the addition of an introduction and notes, his lordship now refers his work to that last, best, and decisive tribunal,—the public.

The introduction, as the title expresses, contains a dissertation on the principal romantic, burlesque, and mock-heroic poets. His lordship complains that the usual division of poetry into epic, dramatic, didactic, lyric, and satiric, though, in general, sufficiently clear, is still incomplete, as there are many poems of a mixed unsystematised description, which cannot properly be marshalled with any of the preceding

classes. The poem of Ricciardetto, which is one of these non-descripts, is generally classed by the Italian critics with the Morgante of Polci, the Orlando Inamorato of Boiardo, and with the Malmantile Racquistato of Lippi. We, however, pass over his lordship's erudite distinctions respecting these poets, and proceed to the account given of Forteguerri and his work.

Nicoli Forteguerri, sometimes called Carteromaco, was born at Pistoia, in Tuscany, in 1674:—

'He was by his parents designed for the profession of the law, but, like many other poets of renown, both among us and in France and Italy, he soon abandoned that severe study for the more seductive cultivation of the muses. Desertions to the bar have been much less common, and when they have happened, there have been still fewer that could have justified an exclamation similar to the elegant flattery by Pope of the future Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, in the early part of that great lawyer's professional life,—

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

'Forteguerri's legal studies, however, were probably of service to him when, in his youth, after going through the ordinary course of education at the university of Pisa, he established himself at Rome, under the patronage of his mother's near relation, Carlo Augustino Fabroni, afterwards Cardinal Fabroni.

'In that town, which its present inhabitants still love to hear called the Head of the World, and the Eternal City, he passed the greater part of his days under successive pontiffs, experiencing various vicissitudes of fortune. After the death of his relation, Cardinal Fabroni, in whose authoritative dignity,—says the writer of both,—he had long reposed all his hopes of advancement, he appears to have lived for a considerable time in a state of neglect, if not disgrace; but on the succes Peter, that venerable head of the Catholic church appointed him secretary to the Aropaganda, and with well founded prospects, which, however, were never realised, of being soon after raised to a situato have taken great delight in our author's

laborious occupations in the cheerful playfulness of his conversation, and particularly to have been much amused by his recitals of the entertaining adventures of Ricciardetto. These we may suppose he delivered with peculiar grace, as we are told he had a very happy facility in repeating poetry, with a most uncommon. suavity of voice and gesture; being also of a tall and dignified presence, with) limbs finely proportioned, a manly freshness of complexion, and a most engaging and exhibitanting expression of countenance. He died at Rome in the possession of his office of Secretary to the Propaganda, on the 17th of February, 1735, in the 61st year of his age.'

Half a century ago, the Ricciardetto was the most popular burlesque poem in Italy. The circumstances which gave rise to the author's writing it, are told with much simplicity and good humour by the author himself, in a letter prefixed to the first acknowledged edition:-

' In that letter he states, that at a country-house of his, near his native Pistoia, in a society of friends assembled there in the autumn of the year 1716, there were several young men of great erudition, with whom, in the evenings, while others of his company diverted themselves with play in another room, he used to read sometimes Berni, sometimes the Morgante of Pulci, sometimes Ariosto, which readings, he says, were a source of very particular delight; that one evening, during some intervening pause, after they had read for a considerable time, one of his young friends said, "God knows what a labour it must have cost the authors of those poems to compose, not to say an entire canto, but even a dozen of their stanzas, and the greater the facility of the his life, Monsignor Fabroni, a relation of measure and of the rhyme appears to be, so much greater must their exertions have been." That his other friends present all concurred in this remark :- "Upon this," continues he, "I, less considerate, or at sion of Clement XII. to the throne of St. least more confident, observed with a smile, in good faith these poets have, peradventure, laboured much less than you congregation of Cardinals called Della imagine; for, in poetry, if not the whole, at least more than one half, is due to nature, and he who has not been benignly seconded by nature, will do well not tion of higher dignity. Clement is said to meddle with so noble and delectable an occupation, but rather betake himself company, finding relief from the cares to some other employment of his time, and fatigues of his various weighty and where art, not nature, may be his guide. IV .- 4

udgate Edin-

Strands adver-or (post uter, 7, [arshall 2, Dull ; Booth U Mall and by inted in

And not to waste more words, but to prove in fact what I have asserted, I engage to produce to you a canto to morrow evening, containing in it the style of the different bards we have been reading; for, to speak freely, nature has been rather liberal to me than scanty, in her gifts of that sort. The engagement was received with applause by all, and having retired after supper, I executed it punctually, and produced and read the new canto the next evening, to the no ordinary satisfaction of the society."-The whole thirty cantos are said to have been finished in thirty days.'

The poem commences with the author's description of his muse; we are told,-

· She only sings for merriment and glee, (Of which, if so disposed, you may partake.) Of those strict rules the sense she ne'er could

Which cause the heads of weary bards to ake, Who, struggling to make wit and words agree, In frenzy oft the third commandment break, And scratch their addle-pates, and bite their

When sense or rhyme or proper accent fails.

Sometimes you'll see her (such a child she is) Leap to and fro' as doth a frisky frog; Nor can I blame or deem her fool for this, Nor that the patient plodder's sober jog She's apt to turn to ridicule and quiz.

Sweet poetry? what pedant chain shall clog Thy devious wanderings, humble or sublime, Thy mercy doggrel song, or lofty rhyme!

Oft in the fury of the embattled field, Drench'd with the blood of slayers and of

This so capricious muse of mine will yield, All in a moment, to some peaceful strain Of soft amours; then lofty anthems build, Or hymns to holy saints in solemn fane-

Then, hark!' mid ocean's roar, and tempest's shock.

She weeps with Ariadue on her rock.

See, now in hand she takes her rural pipe, But hums, with voice subdued, and mien abash'd;

Then look not at her, till her wit, more ripe And bolder grown, through thick and thin has splash'd,

Lest blushes, rosy red, of shame the type, With native lilies in her cheek be dash'd. Hist! she begins! so let us, side by side, Near her, in silence and on tip-toe glide."

a mighty maze, and almost quite without a plan;' the period to which it relates is the time of Charlemagne; and not only this monarch, but the whole of his Paladins are introduced, and we have almost every diversity of character presented to us. Without, then, endeavouring to give a sketch of a plot in a poem, which 'plot hath none,' we shall detach a few passages. Accompanying the Paladins to Spain, we are told,-

And now the Paladins descry a fire That seems to blaze in some near shepherd's But, whence it came all anxious to inquire, Sharp spur to horse's flank each warrior put, When dwarf, in act humane but quaint attire, Three nosegays in his hand, is seen to strut, Crying "Dear lordings! from her glorious

My lady greets you with these beauteous flowers.

'Her name is Stella (if you know it not); Spain never yet has seen so fair a dame;

Much goodly land and castles she has got, But ne'er would hear of spouse, or change her name.

Sweeter than nightingale's her voice I wot With music's charms the toughest heart would tame;

And if she dance in hall or on the green, She rivals love's own mother, beauty's queen."

This when Astolphus heard, with studious care Forth from its case of gold a comb he drew, And having smooth'd his frill and comb'd his

He takes his faithful glass in haste to view His precious self—The others smile and stare: And Alard mutters low, with eyes askew, "Oh, coxcomb vain! for ever doom'd to prove The dupe of women and the slave of love!"'

The knights are admitted within the noble walls of Stella, where—

- rich tables groan with choicest fruit And viands; - England's hero naught descries But the bright radiance of fair Stella's eyes.' Ricardo jogs him, but he feels no jog-

The tables smoke, and Stella takes her seat, The others with her; like a stupid log

Astolphus stands, nor moves to drink or eat, But stares on Stella, laughs, and cries; no prog Alluring him nor beverage.—The discreet Alardo sighs; when Stella, this perceiving Cried, "Courage! I've a drug will cure his raving."

'Then straight produced a nut of fam'd Brasil, And said, "When in his bed he lays him

Take thou the sharpest blade of temper'd steel, And scrape clean off this dirty coat so brown; Then, having fairly clear'd away the peel,

Rasp of the substance just a drachm, and drown

In racy wine the raspings.—When infused, This wine to bathe his mouth and breast be

"Tis safe and sure-my mother-(once how fair!)

So madly on my honour'd father doted That men her wifely love would oft compare With Artemisia's, so much prized and quoted? The poem his lordship aptly calls And, when resolved his country's fate to share, That patriot warrior fell, to death devoted,

She pined away, still weeping sore and wailing; But when were tears to drown our woes avail-

" She wept and wail'd in vain! corroding care Had changed her comely shape to skin and

Hot tears deep furrows in cheeks did wear; The ruddy freshness of those cheeks was

How could her Stella's heart unbroken bear To see her thus a living skeleton!— Now, driving out one morning in the coach, We saw an old sea-faring man approach.

"And thus he said, 'If madam's sick from I'll cure her.'-So a nut like this he gave her,

And soon her voice grows clear, her eyes now

Refulgent, and with tears no longer lave her Now ruddy cheeks again; her thoughts now

On gayer themes-Twas clear the drug would save her :-

And so it came to pass :- in scarce a year Its virtue quite restored my mother dear.

"The nature of this nut is to expel Forth from the mind love and its griefs:—It

That Proteus (so the good old man did tel!) Once gave it to a sea-nymph far advanced In this disease; a swain (untouch'd and well Himself) in desperate love had her entranced, But soon the nut from thraldom set her free-What Proteus gave to her she gave to me.

"She gave it me .- For, sitting on a rock, All day I used to mourn my destiny,

Loving proud beauty, who my pains did mock, Nor deign'd my woes to soothe, my tears to

My tale the sea-nymph's tender heart did

(For sea and shore had heard me groan and

And, with kind hand administering the drug, She cured my heart, and left it sound and snug.

"The man subjoined, that once by Proteus' Like nut had cured fair Helen's amorous

(Its powers, when steep'd in wine, how wond'rous rare!)

And Agamemuon, too, of chiefs the chief, And young Telemachus, Ulysses' heir,

Thus from Calypso's snares obtained relief; Drowning all penance past and by-gonesorrow In hopes of joys each future day and morrow."

This said, the lady fair got up from table, A curtsy made, and bid her guests good night;

When lo! distract of mind, with air unstable, Astolphus near her drew on tip-toe light, And whisper'd, "Cruel Stella! art thou able Unmoved to quit me in such doleful plight?" The lady, feigning deafness, takes her leave, First whispering Alard something in his sleeve.

'The poor inamorato, thus forsaken,

Retired not till compell'd by his compeers; Then struggles with his trusty blade to breakin To his uncover'd breast, and, bathed in tears, To send his heart to Stella.—But his bacon

Is timely saved, for now the drug appears Doing good work-else had he slain in mad-

Himself and friends, and fill'd all France with sadness.

The fated drug the hero's frame invading, Soon cleansed his bosom of the perilous stuff That weigh'd upon his heart, when straight

That madd'ning flame (the cure was somewhat rough)

He changed his loving note to harsh upbraiding Of Stella fair, in language coarse and gruff Then sleeps two hours-Then hark! at peep of

He sounds his horn, and wakes his comrades tway.'

The next adventure relates to a Brunette, who, with a worthy baron, her lover, had, by the magic arts of a fairy, been transformed into a doe and buck. I The story is related to another of the

Knight that— " The bu The do year Since, so Whoso fears Must scal So stee There, on Nera, the " Beside One ca Frightful Both c than More fit for And in So strong A drayma " If you And th What ble The en take Restored And n sake Rinaldo 6 Am I, on

" Oh! T At a m No mean .My fat At Pisag Scared ble-

To feed o " Those deoi Have I see ther diou

I ne'e

Mar

And at a

Lord! he sidi Sir, w tarr Mine hos ply, " We se

eye With th And s war Then bra

Rinal For pard Mine And hits riou And take

riot "And ro 6Wi As lor Whirlin Which

But soon Hath sple And, for Quite st Knight's, Rinaldo, by his host, and

"The buck eftsoons sets off, and bounds away, The doe pursues him,-now 'tis past two

her

ug

-It

ck,

ind

ug.

us

d'-

od

15

of

25

Since, so bewitch'd, those woeful lovers stray. Whoso' shall them relieve, and quell our

Must scale a mountain which few dare essay-So steep to heaven its horrid front it rears; There, on its summit, in a lofty tower, Nera, the wicked witch, hath built her bower.

"Besides, she's guarded there by giant's two, One called Traggea, t'other Master Stritch : Frightful to saints above and fiends below; Both clothed in skin of snake, more rough

More fit for stirrup straps than glove of beau; And in his fist each giant holds a switch. So strong, that if comparisons we draw, A drayman's whip becomes a wisp of straw.

"If you those scaly wretches could subdue, And their infernal mistress captive make, What blessings to us all would then ensue? The enamour'd pair of torment leave would take,

Restored to pristine form and rosy hue, And mirth no more this happy nook forsake."-

Rinaldo cries, "Fine Paladin of France Am I, on such adventure to advance!

"Oh! what a theme for mockery and mirth! At a mere lifeless shadow apt to tremble, No meaner low-born peasant treads the earth. .My father, Ludwig, whom I much resemble,

At Pisa got me—Lucia gave me birth, Seared by a ghost—the truth I'll not dissemble-

And at a time when 'twas their daily habit To feed on naught but water-gruel and rabbit.

"Those giants, ugly, powerful, fierce, and hi-

Have put me into such a strange quandary! I see them!—Oh! they'll make the night so tedious!

I ne'er can sleep alone!—See!—Blessed Mary!

Lord! how they stare! and then that witch in-

Sir, with your wife all night I fain would

Mine host, grown jealous, makes him this re-

"We see your drift, Sir Knave, with half an

With this, he catches up a piece of a stick, And says, "Your folly shall have this re-

Then brandishes the same with air gynmastic. Rinaldo on his knees solicits hard

For pardon, in a whining strain bombastic. Mine host does this as cowardice regard, And hits him on the nob; the knight grows fu-

And takes him by both legs, in mode most cu-

'And round the chamber makes the lubbard

As long ago old Jesse's son was seen Whirling the fatal stone in leathern sling, Which laid Goliath sprawling on the green. But soon the wife, with tears and blubbering, Hath quell'd our gallant hero's wrathful

And, for her sake, he lays her husband down Quite stunn'd, as one asleep or in a swoon.'

Next day, Rinaldo, having met with a book, which informs him how the witch might be overcome, proceeds to the castle, overcomes the two giants, seizes on the witch, and burns her, then-

'Our hero gathers up the wretch's embers, And with assiduous care and hasten'd pace, (For all the book had taught he well remem-

He makes his way to the predicted place, And putting in a sieve the pristine members

Ofher, thus brought to death in vile disgrace, Sifts them where doe and buck were doom'd to

And take again the form of lad and lass.

'The neighbours all had seen each marvellous

The giants slain, the knight's triumphant en-

Within the precincts of that steep retreat, Spite of those monsters fierce who there stood sentry,

And safe escape from that unhallow'd seat; And now those rescued, gladsome, happy

Embrace him warmly, and with laud and song Joyful surround him as he moves along.

' Meanwhile the doe and buck came on with

And, as they cross'd the path, grew maid and

O! then what acts of grateful thanks succeed! Their words, rebounding, through the moun-

Giving, "in good set terms," the knight his

At length they "what?" and "how?" to ask began,

When, as they bow and curtsy, long and low, Rinaldo tells the whole, from top to toe.

"Much press'd is now the victor to remain Beneath their roof by each enamour'd spouse;

When sudden, gallop, gallop, o'er the plain, With bloody spurs, horse breathless, reins thrown loose,

A courier comes express from Charlemagne, The emperor's favourite Moor, and brings

That once again in France unchristian war-is-

And Paris close besieged by heath'nish Sá-rà-

Rinaldo starts, bows low, and mounts his

Hies to the shore, and there embarks for France;

Exclaiming loud, as he pursues his course, "When I get home, I'll lead the knaves a dance."-

But here my weary muse must pause perforce: Mark how she hobbles now when she would

To-morrow, with your leave, in livelier verse New and more strange adventures she'll rehearse.'

Such are some of the principal stanzas in this singularly eccentric and burlesque poem, which Lord Glenbervie has translated so felicitously as to preserve all the humour and vigour of the original. The notes of his lordship are

an essay he had written on the different modes of versification in several of the modern languages, but it is too long for insertion, and too intimately connected for us to make an extract; we shall, therefore, quote one much shorter, on a fashionable propensity of our modern belles and beaux :-

· The word quiz stands in the same predicament with those observed upon in note 32 (blue stocking and dandy). It is not in Johnson, nor perhaps in any author of note before the end of the last century or the beginning of this; but now it is in general, and, I may say, fashionable use, both as a verb and as a noun. "Quizzing," as I understand it, is a coarser or broader shade of what is called by the French persiftage and mystification; also words now very commonly used with us in conversation.

'The talent or turn for quizzing, like that for drawing caricatures or for mimicry, requires to be vigilantly checked and reined in by a proportionate share of tact, good nature, and delicacy. Those qualities, (much more rare than what passes for wit,) in union with wit the most genuine, prompt, and brilliant, I, for many years of my now, alas! solitary life, had the good fortune to have opportunities of observing exemplified almost daily and hourly, in the conversation of some of my own nearest and dearest connections. But how often does the inconsiderate vanity of the professed "diseur de bons-mots," by a sprightly but indiscreet or ill-timed joke or epigram on some innocent foible or peculiarity, incur the risk of forfeiting the good will of perhaps his most valuable friend. In such cases, however the joker may abound in wit, the mirth he excites transgresses the becoming limit:—

-" medio de fonte leporum Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus Lucr. lib. iv 1126. "Cursed be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,

Which tends to make one worthy man my foe." 'If Pope had always acted up to that sentiment, which his better sense and feelings had inspired, he might have been spared much of those heart burnings and palinodias, or, which often amount to the same thing, explanations, to which he is said to have exposed himself. But a still graver consequence is apt to attend the irresistible "pruritus" of quizzing, for those who are strongly infected with it cannot sometimes refrain from attempting to turn to jest and ridicule matters too serious for such frivolous pleasantry, nay, even such as are required to be held sacred by the most authoritative sanctions both human and divine.'

We have sometimes regretted that the good old fashion of giving indexes was getting into disuse. Lord Glenbervie is, however, determined that he will not sanction the innovation, since, to a volume of about 200 pages, his very numerous. The last is part of lordship has added 46 pages of index.

The Ionian Islands. By Tertius T. C. Kendrick, Esq. 8vo. pp. 287. London, 1822.

ALTHOUGH several English travellers, during the last few years, have given much valuable information relating to the Greek Islands, yet none of them have entered into a regular history, which is now attempted by Mr. Kendrick,—a gentleman who lays no claim to elegance of style, but rests his title to consideration on the fidelity of those remarks which personal inspection, during a residence of some years, has ena-

bled him to give. Mr. Kendrick appears to be a great advocate for the 'powers that be.' He dedicates his work to the present Speaker of the House of Commons, whose nicety of taste and exactness of judgment' leave him, he says, little hope of obtaining the highest object of his ambition—the Speaker's approbation.—

We have no objection to Mr. Tertins T. C. Kendrick's estimate of Mr. Manners Sutton's 'nicety of taste,' but we differ very far from him, when he asserts, what we suspect no one but himself believes, that Sir Thomas Maitland's government of the Ionian Islands is excellent; that he is a 'skilful statesman,' who 'perfectly understands the nature of these people.' Nor can we altogether agree with him, that the attempt of the Septinsulars to liberate themselves is an act of treachery. Equally wrong is Mr. Kendrick when he asserts that they are returning to their obedience and duty, since every account from these Islands proves that the discontent increases; so much so, that the Lord High Commissioner, the 'skilful statesman,' as Mr. K. calls him, has deemed it necessary to deprive the inhabitants of those arms which had hitherto constituted a part of their costume. With such instances of Mr. Kendrick's partialities,

clon. The literary talents of Mr. Kendrick are certainly very humble-he is coarse and inelegant; as an unfortunate instance of this, take the first passage in his 'History,' which is as follows: 'Having understood that an opportunity would be given me, if I volunteered to serve in the Ionian Islands, I hastened to proffer myself as a candidate.' We tremble for the highest object of Mr. Kendrick's ambition, when this passage meets the

we view his declaration, that he has

not given vent to personal dislike or

prejudice,' with some degree of suspi-

ment' of his patron. Now that we have done with criticism, we shall quote a few of the best things we can pick out of the 287 pages of Mr. Kendrick's work, avoiding, as much as possible, his estimate of the character of individuals, in which he seems invariably either to be deficient or in error. He tells us that 'the religion of Zante is of the Greek tenet,' and that the people commit several breaches of decorum in church. 'I have,' says he, 'witnessed an old man's wig being set on fire, during divine service, by an urchin, and have seen the whole congregation, together with the Papas, joining in the laugh.' What a charming incident was this for the historian of Zante!

Of the Parguenotes we are told that their general character is bad: 'craft and deceit are both predominant;' they are 'brigands both by inclination and trade.' The extermination of this brave people, so nearly accomplished by Ali Pacha, is merely called 'an act of vigilance and unceasing activity, excited by severe losses in his property by them.' In the account of Santa Maura, we are told that—

'An odd custom is observed here in marriages: on the break of day, the bridegroom is placed in a kind of small car, drawn by two men, and conducted in front of his father-in-law's house. Here he remains until ten o'clock, imploring the charity of all passers by, who generally throw a small piece of coin into the basin he holds. At ten o'clock he is released from his situation, and invited to enter the house of his father-in-law, who greets him; adding, in conclusion, "that with so laborious a man, his daughter must be happy." The couple are then conducted to church and married. It is usual to sport the bridal bed upon four men's shoulders, who convey it to the husband's residence, together with all sorts of culinary articles.'

In Corfu the churches are very numerous; the largest and richest is that of St. Spiridion:-

'The feast or festival of San Spiridion | is celebrated with great pomp, in the month of December. Eight days previous to the festival, the doors and windows of the cathedral are ornamented with branches and wreaths of myrtle. On the eve of the ceremony, the body of the saint is exposed to public view near the chancel. It is preserved in a glass case, richly ornamented. The body is in a wonderful state of preservation. The number of votaries, both Greek and Latin, who flock to kiss the relics, are very numerous; indeed, the whole population resort to the capital on this occasion. People will flock from the continent; "micety of taste and exactness of judg- leven priests themselves will come over lesting in spite of its mockery, and im-

from all parts of Greece, to assist or follow in the procession; for the reputation of this holy man is renowned throughout the Levant.

'In cases of danger or of any public calamity, the body is carried through the streets in procession. Indeed, the protection which the islanders imagine they receive from St. Spiridion is such, that they fear nothing from the hands of foreign enemies. Of this opinion, Soliman, the Turkish sultan, availed himself in 1637. This distinguished personage, finding that he must soon raise the siege of Corfu, owing to the very obstinate resistance he met with, covered his retreat under the pretext of fearing the vengeance of San Spiridion, whom he was persuaded had interposed in behalf of the besieged; and to make the story good, Soliman, knowing that his ancestor had once pillaged the church, undertook to make good all the damage, which he faithfully performed. By this method Soliman saved his head, and re-assured the drooping spirit of the Ottomans. Although the latter detest the Christian religion, yet, whenever they are deceived by a miracle, they will join in preparing a mass to be said, and will even hold a candle. Superstition bears as great a sway with them as with the Greeks. In many parts of the Levant there are certain churches where both Turks and Christians resort, each of whom will address their prayers to the same Panagia! The Mussulman, in spite of the contempt he generally displays towards a Christian, is highly credulous,

even to childishness. 'The procession of St. Spiridion is conducted according to the following order: first appear a number of men clad in light blue garments, with holes on the head part to see from; these are the bearers of numberless ornaments and appurtenances of the church; next follow a train of people, holding lighted tapers; behind these follow a number of the laity, chaunting; then a military band of music, with a guard of a hundred soldiers; the body of the saint, borne under a canopy held by four of the first nobles of the island, comes after the military, and the procession is closed with a crowd of persons bearing lighted candles; the laity, on this occasion, march with all the pride and dignity of their holy avocation; the archbishop bears his pastoral cross, and, as well as the rest, is clothed in rich garments of gold and silver embroidery.

'There are several festivals and processions throughout the year. In passion week, both the Catholic and Greek churches have alternate processions on the esplanade. The Levipedium, in commemoration of our Saviour's humility, is likewise performed in public by thirteen priests: a contest generally arises amongst them who shall represent Judas, as the title lasts for life-time. Jesus is personated by a young priest, whose beard is trimmed for the purpose; the ceremony is inte-

presses t ing.' Amon ple of Co · It is t consider the scant my seat " la prin ated to land pro tioned at ment exc lito, sign These w grim sol he turne from thi good, ar abilities. stuttered sic; his easy. T tes," by the curt prosa, a plauded glasses t terming. all over bella!"e un ang pression every vo voured features merous, alphabe these ey mined r noured plause. enough not hav supplies first acti Kolli.

> and, in ness, he His act is depr leave a was trul tween t acts, by in the b portion number ed. 'The

at this t an exh Corfuoi nessed armes:' the gre year 18 after th a visit hoped Pacha. fuoites,

lencer,

presses the spectators with a devout feel-

Among the amusements of the people of Corfu, the theatre is a favourite: · It is uncommonly large and spacious, considering the small size of the city, and the scantiness of the population. I took my seat on the first row of the pit, called "la prima fila." This spot was appropriated to officers and gentlemen of the island properly drest. A centinel was stationed at the barrier, whose stern deportment excited terror. "Non siete ben pulito, signore, in vestito—bisogna nettarsi." These words were often uttered by the grim soldier of the island police guard, as he turned the several applicants away from this envied part. The band was good, and led by a man who had decent abilities. This person, singular to relate, stuttered upon every subject except music; his speech, then, was perfect and easy. The play announced was "Orestes," by the celebrated Alfieri. When the curtain drew up, the prima donna di prosa, a lovely woman, was loudly ap-The signori levelled their glasses to survey her beauty; and an intermingled quantity of words were heard all over the theatre :- "Ma caro, quanto bella!"-" Bravo, putella mia!"-"Vedi, e un angela di terra!" and such short expressions. Whilst the prima donna spoke, every voice was hushed; each man devoured her looks and alternate change of features; her lovers, who were pretty numerous, for she could nearly muster an alphabet in the initials of their names,these eyed each other in envy and determined rivality. On her exit she was honoured with a simultaneous round of applause. Of her real merit I shall be free enough to say, that a worse actress could not have been engaged; but her beauty supplied all requisites. The primo, or first actor, was a person of the name of Kolli. His powers were of the first order, and, in violent declamation or soft tenderness, he out-shone his brethren in Italy. His acting in the scene where Orestes is deprived of reason, was such as to leave a lasting impression on my mind; it was truly terrific. I amused myself between the interval of time allotted to the acts, by taking a survey of the company in the boxes. The females were in proportion to the males, as far as regarded numbers, and were extremely well dress-

'The operas and comedies performed at this theatre are sometimes relieved by an exhibition of fencing, to which the Corfuoites are highly partial. I have witnessed several of these "assauts des armes;" but the one which afforded me the greatest pleasure, happened in the year 1817. A French captain of cavalry, after the battle of Waterloo, paid Corfu a visit on his way to Albania, where he hoped to meet with a situation under Ali Pacha. Learning the temper of the Corfuoites, and being himself an admirable

British and natives to a public trial of skill: the latter only accepted it, to the number of eight. At an early hour the theatre was crowded to excess by all ranks, anxious to witness the captain's performance. The curtain drew up, and a trifling display of fencing took place until the Frenchman's appearance on the stage; he was greeted very cordially by the audience, and his tall martial figure almost placed the odds in his favor. The usual ceremony took place of presenting foils, and the Frenchman succeeded in hitting all his opponents successively. The dexterity he showed in the management of the foil was wonderful, and the mortified candidates retired in disappointment. The Frenchman came forward amidst thunders of applause, and stated his willingness to meet any other gentleman. This produced a ninth competitor, who started forth, to the surprise of all, and challenged the victor. He was a Neapolitan, of a middling height, firmly made, and was a left-handed fencer, which the captain noticing, stood in a more attentive posture. The audience waited in anxiety for the result, although each one felt positive of the Frenchman's success; but, after five passes, the Neapolitan fairly bent his foil on the Frenchman's side. The applause that followed was tremendous, and became redoubled when it was discovered that the victor was no other than the governor's principal cook! The Frenchman boasted no more, nor was he to be enticed to another trial of skill. The manner in which the Neapolitan fenced was totally different to the rules observed by the professors of that art: he stood with his legs perfectly straight, close to each other; and, when he had occasion to play the foil, only bent his body, still keeping his legs in the same position, until he suddenly hit his opponent.'

Mr. Kendrick will not, perhaps, thank us for our notice of his work; we might, however, have spoken of it in much severer terms, and still have been justified; for, in fact, it scarcely possesses one single quality to recommend it, that can atone for the mass of absurdity of which it is composed. Why it has been written we know not, surely not with a view of injuring the Greek cause (to which Mr. Kendrick declares himself an enemy), since such a writer is as fearless as a foe, as he is useless or injurious as an advocate.

Happiness: a Tale for the Grave and Gay. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 613. London, 1821.

WITH shame we confess it—' Happiness' has been long before us unheeded, unnoticed; such inattention on our part to our 'being's end and aim' can hardly find an apology; to seek it in fencer, he caused bills to be circulated other occupations would only be to gious subjects. A new class of dis-

throughout the town, challenging both | imitate Felix with 'go thy way for this time; at a more convenient season I will send for thee.' Another circumstance, which rather aggravates our crime, is that this work is said to be from the same pen as the very successful tale of 'No Fiction,'-a production sufficient to excite some interest respecting its successor.

Having, however, now passed from page I to what is often a very welcome little word-finis, at p. 613, we confess we are still at a loss to know how to class this little volume. Its happiness is certainly not of this world, for almost every individual mentioned is either overwhelmed with guilt or misfortune; and though it is termed a tale for grave and gay, yet the scenes of the latter description afford but a very trivial relief to the sombre cast of the whole. We do not know how to term it better than by the title of a religious, or rather a sectarian novel; in which the beauty of holiness is ably described and powerfully enforced, with a strong leaning to a particular creed, and not a very charitable estimate of the opinions of others. The story itself is very brief: it is that of two young ladies of very opposite dispositions, one yielding to all the follies of life and marrying a spendthrift, who illtreats her; the other a methodist, who marries a reclaimed infidel.

Whoever may be the author of this tale, and we believe it is attributed to Dr. Styles of Brighton, he often ventures beyond his reach; and nothing can be more erroneous than his description of routs and balls and the other entertainments of fashionable life, not to say that the account of them is marked by an acerbity rather unbecoming a Christian. In speaking of the stage he is equally intolerant; the mimic thunder and lightning of the drama he calls an 'impious aping of the Divinity,' 'a presumptuous attempt to personate the Almighty in what appeared to be the grand prerogative of his being,' and 'a mockery and insult offered to the God of nature.' But the stage, like the blood of Douglas, can protect itself,' and therefore we leave these bigoted reflections without further remark.

It is not, however, merely against balls, routs, and theatres, that the author of 'Happiness' pours forth the vial of his wrath, since he is scarcely less severe against some, who have the misfortune (or happiness,-we know not which) to differ from him on reli-

senters, called the Union, he satirises and burlesques in terms in which we think scarcely any religion ought to be treated. Having, however, freely expressed our opinions on what we consider the objectionable parts of this work, we with much pleasure bear our testimony to its merits in other respects—that it is well written, and we sincerely believe that the author means well. The following extract, the only one we shall make, will, we think, bear ns out in this respect :-

'Perhaps no fabric of human fraud has ever been devised so deadly as the Braminical, so heart-hardening, so injurious to society, so pernicious to the moral nature of man. Well might one of the Missionaries, who daily witnessed its horrors, when writing home to his friends, exclaim-"Do not send men of any compassion here, for you will break their hearts;" and well did he immediately add, in the true fervour of inspired genius-'Do send men full of compassion here, where many perish with cold, many for lack of bread, and millions for lack of knowledge. This country abounds with misery. Oh, miserable sight! I have found the pathway stopped up by the sick and wounded people, perishing with hunger, and that in a populous neighbourhood, where numbers pass by, some singing, others talking: but none showing mercy, as though they were dying weeds, and not dying men."

Nothing is more common in England than to hear well-educated persons speak in terms of approbation of the Hindoo Mythology, and to represent it as a harmless, if not a beneficent superstition. Such ignorance is inexcusable, because it must be wilful—it must proceed from a criminal determination not to be informed.

'During the few years of my residence in India, from the nature of Colonel Wilmington's profession, and from the important and confidential services to which he was called, I had many opportunities of witnessing the atrocities of this abominable delusion. I have more than once beheld widows consumed on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands. An instance of pre-eminent cruelty lives in my imagination, and the recollection of it at this moment chills my blood with horror. The dreadful scene had not the least appearance of a religious ceremony; the poor victim was treated with the most brutal levity. Peals of savage laughter insulted her dying agony; and to add to the horror of the spectacle, the fire did not consist of so much fuel as we consume in dressing a dinner; no, not this fire that was to consume the living and the dead. I dare not detail the shocking circumstances which terminated this revolting tragedy.

'Infanticide is practising continually to a fearful extent among the lower classes of the Hindoos: every new born infant who refuses the mother's milk, is put into a nary procession, and then turn 'to watch

days, during which time it is consumed by ants, if the birds of prey do not put it to a more merciful death. It is common for those who desire children, to make a vow of devoting the first born to the goddess Ganges: the victim is brought up till they have a convenient opportunity of performing their pilgrimage and sacrifice to the river; the child is taken with them, and at the time of bathing is encouraged to walk into deep water till it is carried away by the stream; should the poor infant hesitate, and with the smile of innocence turn to the bosom that had nourished it, that bosom is petrified by superstition, and the mother's hand thrusts it into the wave! Sick persons, whose recovery is despaired of, are laid on the bank of the river, where they die for want of food or become the prey of the tiger, whose hideous roar is heard in the distance, or the stream carries them off, or the sharks and crocodiles devour them; sons have been seen to force their fathers back into the water, when they have endeavoured to regain the shore!

But the triumph of the first great murderer is no where more complete than in the immediate vicinity of the dark Pagoda of Juggernaut. It is impossible to approach this region of the shadow of death, without inhaling the abominable effluvia of putrefaction, which, like a pestilence, desolates the neighbouring shores. Innumerable human skeletons, bleaching in the burning air, proclaim the insatiable ravages of this Moloch of So deadly is the superstithe East. tion with which his myriads of votaries are infected, that on the great festivals, from which the British government derives no inconsiderable fund, every avenue to his temple, for several miles round, is crowded with voluntary victims, all of whom miserably perish-some by fatigue -others by ingenious devices of self-inflicted torture; their exclusive object is death, and if they can 'trail their charred and blackened bodies within the borders of a sanctuary, the walls of which they cannot hope to reach, they are happy.

'But it is when the terrific pageant comes forth 'a moving palace' of enormous dimensions, supporting the enshrined image of this accursed deity, that superstition may be said to put in the sickle, and to reap the harvest of death. Dragged by the united strength of a thousand numan bodies, priests, victims, Bramins, and Faqueers, its approach is the signal for every horrid species of immolation, Multitudes rush, from time to time to prostrate themselves under its tremendous wheels, which crush them to atoms in a moment. Others cut themselves with knives, and dye the car, and its line of progress, with streams of blood: while their frantic relatives shout with delight at the heart-revolting spectacle. Mothers cast their infants into the track of the sangui-

clapping their hands, and keeping time to the silver bells that tinkle round their slight ankles, while their little ones writhe

in the agonies of death.'

But why should I dwell on such unparalleled horrors—on such a "frightful picture of blood and cruelty—of the inversion of every principle of nature, and the disruption of every tie of the heart?' In the land where they are exhibited, I learn to appreciate the religion which breathes only of peace and good-will. For man's neglect, I loved it more. I clung to it as my best inheritance, my dearest solace. It was the only thing that was not strange to me, and that did not shock my feelings. And when I reflected, that it was the glory of the country which gave me birth, that country became infinitely endeared to my heart. How I longed to hear "the sound of the church-going bell," to mingle once again in Christian worship, among Christians. Let Nature lavish her gifts as she pleases on other climes; let but my native land possess the institutions, and the spirit of Christianity; and with all its faults, it shall ever be deemed by me "the loveliest land on the face of the earth."

duction to the missionaries at Serampore. Their converse was like cold water to a thirsty spirit, and the scene of their labours was the only verdant spot of moral beauty in all that vast peninsula. The Christianity of these men appeared to be of a purer quality than any I had ever witnessed. In such regions, indeed, it is always either improved or annihilated. In the missionaries, it is not merely prominent. It is every thing. It pervades their whole social economy. It is perfectly easy to identify it with the energy, simplicity, and devotedness of the apostles. It is the christianity of Jesus Christ, and shines amidst atheists and idolators, a living and irresistible evidence of his divinity.

Since the residence of these individuals

in India, it is no longer a question with

the natives, whether the English possess

a Shaster—or, whether they are men, or

other creatures like devourers. The finest

specimens of humanity, and the brightest

ornaments of religion, are among them,

from that very country which has deluged

them with impiety and profligacy.

'While at Calcutta, I sought an intro-

The Berkeley Manuscripts. (Continued from p. 36.)

THE extracts which we gave in our last number from this curious and valuable work, were from that part of it which has been written by Mr. Fosbroke; we now turn to Mr. Smyth's Lives of the Berkeley Family, which, though in a somewhat rude and undigested shape, furnishes us with much that is curious, and throws considerable light on the manners and customs of our ancestors:-

Origin of Danish Emigration .basket, and hung up in a tree for three the wild and wanton dance of the Almahs, i "There was a sometyme an ordinance made days i maintai was not for ther all the t in the v BribPipe Ro seventh 118i. ar King by quietly of Cam

in Denn

land had

shuld the

within !

thren shi

goods in

in eovid

bates, th

within th

this hero

mark, w

William

riches, a

inhabite

Muc

Kinge

diting h bert Gi ' Med dle Age tween solittle plained heir of away f her div

' Imn

" Henr

from Je

genton,

him. I

also, ai also tre Norma chard t shortly nastery Wotto Ashlev other t ley." " Al

> -Forf poor, i pital n ' Att -The

sick w comin ' De had 10 ' Re

She n husba · Ni haps 1 ky, he land in

have

land had any more sons then one, then shuld the eldist sonne and heyre remain within the lande; and the yonger brethren shulde be send with a substance of goods into other landis, and ther to live in eoviding all inconveniences of debates, that might chance atwixe them within their owne land; and for this cause this herding, a sonne of the Kynge of Denmark, was send into this land, to Kinge William Conqueror; unto whom this Kinge William Conqueror gave grete riches, and send him to Bristowe, ther to inhabite, the yeare of our Lord, 1069.",

he

Ĭt

Much has been said of those glorious days in which 'each rood of land maintained its man; this, however, was not the case in the middle ages, for there were not nineteen freeholds in all the townships, parishes, and manors in the whole of the Berkeley estate.

Bribery in the Olden Time.- 'The Pipe Rolls of the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh of Richard the First, shew how 118l. and fifteen marks were paid to the King by the above Nicholas, that he might quietly hold his wife's lands in the county of Cambridge, until the King's return from Jerusalem, against Reginald de Argenton, who claimed the same against him. He also paid ten marks for expediting his suit against Alice, wife of Robert Gifford, for land in Stanbridge.'

'Meanness of Men of Rank in the Middle Ages, in stealing Goods, &c.-Between this Sir Thomas and Margery was so little love, that, 5 Edward III. he complained in Chancery that Thomas, son and heir of Hugh de Gurnay, had stolen her away from him at Beverstone, and with her divers of his goods and chattels.'

'Immense Pluralities of the Clergy.-"Henry, the fitt sone, was a cleargiman also, and archdeacon of Exeter, and was also treasurer to the said Henry Duke of Normandy. He was presented by Richard the First Abbot of St. Augustine's, shortly after the dedication of that monastery, to the churches of Berkeley, Wotton, Beverstone, Almondsbury, Ashleworth, and Chromale, and to all other the churches of the honor of Berke-

' Alms substituted for neglect of Masses. -Forfeiture of six white loaves to the poor, if the Chaplain of Longbridge Hospital neglected his duty.

' Attendance at Church strictly enforced. -The cook and the attendant upon the sick were the only persons excepted from coming to church upon solemn days.

'Dower of Peeresses .- Alice his wife

had 10l. per annum dower.

Respect paid to Husbands by Wives .-She never mentioned the name of her husband but as my Lord Maurice.

'Nurses, how respected - Mills, perhaps rare. - She gave to Elia, son of Toky, her nurse, a messuage and half a yardhave her grist ground toll-free, at her mill

be upon the mill grinding.

'Old Servants provided for.—To Gwy, son of Roger de Ville, her servant, she gave another messuage and yard-land there in fee-simple, to hold by the payment of a pair of gilt spurs.

'Gifts to Children during Life, why?-She gave her manor of Slimbridge to Robert her son, "lest her mind should alter."

· Children presented to Church Livings. -Infants were presented to churches, and the custody committed to others, till they came of full age.

'Tythes, why willingly paid.—A Hebrew proverb was in use-Pay tithes

justly that thou mayest be rich.

'Baronial Education.—The education of the younger children of this Lord Maurice was much neglected. "Children in great families," says Mr. Smyth, " are for the most part so long cockered by the mother, smoothed by her maids, and flattered by menial servants, that they come into the world as children."

'Loyalty, ancient Argument for .- Prudence forbids us to cast our country into the danger of absolute captivity by par-

tial grievances.'

' Royal Demands paid in Kind.-King John certified to the Exchequer, that this lord had paid him the bay horse (equum

bauzan) which he owed.

' Farms of Castles and Towns, how repaid—Castles oppressive.—This Lord Robert and Gerard de Athia, by virtue of their office of constable of the Castle of Bristol, and of the 140l. rent, which they paid for the farm of the town, which they rented the fourth, fifth, and other years of John, took 4d. for every brewing of ale in the town, and 2d. besides what the constables of the castle had before been accustomed to take for support of the castle.

' Justice, how prostituted.—This lord paid a fine of one hundred marks to have a fair trial for his life by his peers.

'Rents, how paid.—This lord's rents were commonly paid in two, three, or four

oxen or kine. Debts, how paid.—He attended the King in his wars for ten years, with horses and arms, for one whole year at his own charges, to take shipping from Portsmouth, to be approved of by the musters, in lieu of a debt of five hundred marks due to the King.

' Fee-farm Rents, how originating .-" Money was so scarce [through the wars of John] amongst his tenants, that the incombes which hee contracted for were commonly payd in two, three, or four oxen or kine, which hatched the error hee committed in filling his manors with freeholds and farm-rents by inheritance, deeminge it great husbandry to keepe it constant at the value it was then; which example his brother and heir, Thomas, followed."

· Rebellion.—Rebellions against princes land in Slimbridge, in fee-simple; and to destroy whole families: pestilence but particular persons. Bad princes are pun-

in Denmark, that if soe the Kynge of that there, next after her own corn that should ishments sent of God, and we must suffer

them and amend ourselves."

Bribery of Ministers, &c .- This lord paid money to the King's Justiciary and William de Brewer, two lords that ever stuck fast to King John, and as favourites were for money to work the reconciliation of the Lord Robert and of this Thomas. "Hereby it appears, in part, with what tooles the Lord Robert hewed out his peace with boths Kings, John and Henry III., for Salisbury was the bastard of King John, by fair Rosamond, and so uncle to Henry III. one of the chief governors of his youth and crown, which had all the marriage portion of this Lord Thomas, and the Earl Marischall, Earl of Pembroke, had the advancement of his nicee in marriage with this Lord Thomas, whom age and adversity had made wise; and that the Justiciar and William de Brewer were not forgotten is discernible through many glimses."

Bastardy, attempted to be reversed by the Clergy .- At a Parliament held 20 Henry III. when it was pressed by the bishops and clergy, that such children as were born before matrimony should be legitimate to the succession of inheritance, this lord, with the whole baronage, cried out "Nolumus mutari Leges An-

gliæ.",

' Huntsman, a Post of Honour-Wages and Fees for the Esquires' Establishment. -Thomas de Planche having a farm. which this lord wanted, he promised Thomas, if he could recover it from William Maudit, Earl of Warwick, then in possession, that he would make the above Thomas master of his hounds for life, and give an allowance of a horse and boy, meat and drink, and two robes, with eight shillings in money per annum, as the other of his esquires at Berkeley. This was in 1273, 1 Ed. 1.

'Trial by Battle-East-hay in Devon.-24 Henry III. William de Fourd, by his Writ of Right, demanded of this Lord Maurice half a hide at Est-hay, in Devonshire. Is ue upon the battle. The demandant's champion was overcome. Judgment for this Lord Maurice.

· Poverty of the Barons .- Process for this lord to pay 931. 5s, for debts of himself and of his father; paid by instalments of ten marks, at Michaelmas and Easter,

till the whole was paid.

' Money borrowed of the King .- 38 Henry III. the King preparing an army to go into Gascony, and this lord being summoned, he borrowed sixty marks of the King to furnish himself, and agreed to repay it by fifteen marks every half

'Long standing of Crown Debts .- The King pardoned this lord fifty marks of his debt of 931, and respite for the rest, until his return from beyond the sea; and this lord took over with him several persons, who had also protection from suits during their absence: the debt not paid for seven years, not withstanding process.

· Royal Visits, Recompenses for .- The

King, in July, 40 Henry III. staid four days in Bristol, where he was entertained by Prince Edward, his son, which cost the prince 34l. 9s. and seven hogsheads of wine; and on his return the King was entertained at Berkeley by this Lord Maurice; and in return for his kindness he pardoned this lord and his tenants their breaches of assize in merchandize and measure, belonging to the King as supreme clerk of the market, and forgave him his taxes held antiently from manors of the demesn of the crown.

' Agriculture .- In the time of Edwards I. and II. they set beans by the hand, and leazed the seed-wheat from the ear it-

self.

· Prices of Articles temp. Edward I. &c .-Malt made of Wheat and Outs.

"Wheat per quarter, 2s. 4d.—3s.—5s. Muslyn [Wheat and Rye mixed,] per quarter, 2s.—2s. 4d.—3s.—4s.

Barley, per quarter, 20d .- 2s. 8d .- 3s.-3s. 4d.—4s.

Beanes, per quarter, 2s. -2s. 8d. -3s. -3s.4d.-4s.

Oats, per quarter, 20d. -2. -2s. 4d.

Pill-Corne from Mills, per quarter, 3s. or

An Oxe, 10s.-11s.-12s. Cow and Calf, 9s .- 10s-Bacon Hog, 5s -5s. 6d. Fat Porkett, 2s -2s 2d.

Fat Sheepe, 17d -18d -20d -2s.

Lambe, 10d. or 12d.

Goose, 3d. Capon, 2d. A Hen, 1d 5 Duck, 1d. Four Pigeons, 1d. 20 Eggs, 1d.

15 Edward II.

Wheat, per quarter, 4s. Malt, ditto, 3s. Barley, ditto, 3s. Beans, ditto, 3s. Oats, ditto, 2s. Ffetches, 20d. Malt [of Wheat] 6s. - of Barley, 4s, - of Outes, 2s. 2d. Apples, quarter of, 10d.

19 Edward II.

A Sturgeon, 26s. 8d. An Oxe, 20s. An Oxe-hide, 2s. 6d. Cow and Calf, 12s -13s. -15s. Sheepe, betweene 17d. and 2s.

Sheep-skin, according to his growth, 4d .-

Lambe, 12d. Goat-skin, 4d. Goose, 3d. Duck, Id.

The rest as before.

Threshing a Quarter of Wheat, 2d. Beans, 1d ½

Oates, 1d.

Wages of a Day-Labourer, 3d. A Yeoman's Bord-wages by the Day, 1d. 1 A Grome or Page's, 1d.

And by Proclamation 8 Edward II. the Maximum of Wine was 3d, the Gallon.

Latter End of Edward III. Wheat, per quarter, 5s.4d. to 10s. Bariey, ditto, 4s. to 5s. 4d. Beanes, ditto, 4s.

Oates, ditto, 2s. 8d. to 3s. 4d. Bay-salt, ditto, 18d.

An Oxe, 14s to 24s. Sowe and Six Piggs, 5s.

Boare, 4s.

Calfe, 2s. Store Pigge, or Shote, 12d. Pigeons, per dozen, 3d. to 4d.

Haggard Faulcon, 20s. In the residue little variation.

" And in the reign of Richard II. for twenty-two yeares of his reign, the prices of graine, cattle, and poultry were rather cheaper than dearer; but the difference in effect that was, was in the temperature and season of the yeare."

"A Weight of Wolle, being 21 pound,

called pondus, 5s.

A Sacke of Woll, 6s 8d. Onyons, a bushell, 8d.

Eggs, twenty for a penny, which neither rose nor fell for 160 yeares."

'Retinues of Barons, Wages, &c.-The houshold and standing domesticall family of this lord, lodged in house, consisted of two hundred persons and upwards, ranked into their degrees of servants, milites, armigeri, valetti, garciones et pagetti, knights, esquires, yeomen, gromes, and pages, besides husbandmen, hindes, and such other of lower condition. The wages of one of his esquires was iiijda a day, and a horse in his stables or pastures; or ijd. 1/2 a day for him in stead, and two sutes by the yeare furred (duas robas cum furruris,) or xxiijs iiijd.; and for a gartion or boy to attend him,  $1d.\frac{1}{2}$  a day; which, besides dyet in his house, came to £xiij. iiijs, and Id. by the yeare. The wages of a knight more; of an inferior attendant less."

· Provisions drawn in Kind from the Manors.—"The reeves of Hame and Cowley sent annually to the steward and clerk of the kitchin, 8000 and 9000 eggs, 442 and 566 pigeons, 44 and 47 capons, 192 hens, 288 duckes, 388 chickens, 80 hoggs, 110 porkets, and 84 piggs, 45

calves, 315 quarters of wheat."

" Accounts kept most minutely .- "What was to spare was yearly sold at the prizes aforementioned. Every daye's and every meale's milke of every cowe was rated to the inferior servant at what quantity of butter and cheese might be raised from them, according to the seasons, the pasture where fed, &c. Much of this lorde's woll was yearely put out to spinninge for makinge of cloth, as also for the clothinge of the poor; the charges, &c. written in

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Complete Course of Arithmetic, theoretical and practical, in three Parts. Illustrated with numerous original Examples, and rendered familiar to every Capacity; for the use of publie and private Schools. By W. H. White. 12mo. pp. 264. Bedford,

A few months ago, we gave the first

part of this work, entitled, 'The Young Ladies and Gentleman's Arith. metic,' our commendation: and we now solicit the attention of teachers and students to a perusal of Mr. White's 'Complete Course,' as a work calculated to remove the many obstacles which impede the attaining a perfect knowledge of the theory and practice of numbers.

# Original Communications.

#### ATHENIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

THOSE who are acquainted with the New Testament will not fail to discover the attachment of the Athenians to Heathen Deities. Many recent travellers through Greece and other parts of the world have corroborated this testimony; but I think, in this article upon the subject, I shall be able to furnish matter that will not approach to repetition, and yet afford stronger proofs of that folly which has so obscured one of the finest cities and most learned people in the then habitable Though dreams have lost their weight in the minds of the present age, yet it was customary for the Athenians to purify themselves after fearful presages, called by Persius noctem flumine purgare. As a spell against witchcraft, they wore rings; and some writers have supposed this to be the origin of wearing rings on the fingers. Against the influence which was thought to be felt on seeing a maniac or one subject to fits, they spat into their bosoms three times; and Theocritus says that it was customary to spit at the name of Satan; and it is certain, if Sophocles may be credited, that spitting in defiance was very common: this practice, among our lower orders, is often religiously observed in quarrels. Washing their heads with water. Anointing stones and piling them into heaps, sacred to Mercury, as evidence of grateful feeling, similar to Jacob in Bethel, who took the stone that he put for his pillow, set it up, and poured oil over its top on his way to Padancham. They took note of other appearances, such as hens' crowing! and the entrance of a black dog into their houses! a cat or wease! crossing their path! and a mouse eating their saltbag! Mice and rats gnawing the clothes is now thought by the credulous to forbode some great misfortune\*.

\* A little intruding mouse has found its

dered s the dea saying behold the star gion. their g retain t stitious less infl nation, cism at it. Am is not were al of a the males and en hour of may be -been si the rig culiar hail, sn hair an ing an -the this bi throug lamis, beat th temple against fluence a cock. subject lost his he had lapius. is a res conceir in slee she sh and At Xerxes the Gr of whi skill, b

The At

they she

tius ob

saying course have n to the magpi way int repeated that set sumed t bute th

theft—b

fied the

scratchin

melodio

to tell

The Athenians avoided obsequies lest they should be polluted; for Chemnitius observes, that the ancients considered sacred persons defiled at seeing the dead. Euripides introduces Diana saying that it is not lawful for her to behold dying Hippolitus; and even the standing on a grave was great religion. They had, according to Hesiod, their good and bad days. The Jews retain this belief as well as other superstitious people, and Bonaparte was not less influenced by it; nay, the French nation, notwithstanding their scepticism and gaiety, are all tinctured with it. America, the enlightened America! is not wholly free from it. Eclipses were also much revered, and ominous of a thousand prophetic wonders. Females purchased medicines, nostrums, and enchanted stones, against their hour of nature's solicitude, and hence may be dated many evils which have been since their time. Sneezing over the right shoulder or right side had peculiar advantages. Sudden storms of hail, snow, or rain; cutting off their hair and sacrificing it to rivers, marking an owl's flight (whence the proverb -the owl hath fled!) for good luck, this bird being a token of victory, through their seeing it in the war at Salamis, inspired their courage, and they beat the Barbarians. Sleeping in the temple of Æsculapius for an antidote against disease, for whose supposed influence they frequently presented him a cock. To cut down an oak would subject the person to death. Artabes lost his life, because, in his distraction, he had slain a sparrow sacred to Æsculapius. The interpretation of dreams is a resolution of those doubts which we conceive of things offered to our fancy in sleep,—as Hecuba dreaming that she should bring forth a fire-brand, and Atossa, before the fall of her son Xerxes, whom she saw striving to yoke the Greek and Barbarian woman, one of which overthrew him. The chief skill, because difficult, they considered to tell the event most truly. Soothsaying by birds, according to the course of their flight. Country people have many sayings about birds similar to the Athenians, and the hop of a magpie or the parole of an old crow

The

ith-

we

ers

Mr.

ork

ob-

s a

and

15.

the

CO-

to

ra-

irts

cle

to

ich

rer

)b-

ost

·e-

ter

S.

11

way into the writer's study, and, after as many repeated attempts as its kindly-natured one that set the lion free in the fable, it has consumed the strings of his Æolian harp. I attribute this liberty to hunger, and I torgive the theft-but would not an Athenian have sanctified the mouse as a divinity, and made its scratchings supply the lost tones which are so melodiously created by the wind?

will produce prodigious effects. At the sight of a mouse, serpent, or strange cat, or when the oil cruise was dry, wine or water was spent. To guess at future things, of which Xenocrates wrote. Palmistry, when, by the length of the hand or the lines of the table, by which they judged of hospitality, marriage, and posterity. Gipsies have cajolled the credulous ever since that period, as many an English young lady and ruined servant girl can bear witness. The first practitioner was Eurycles, and hence his disciples are said to practise the divining of Eurycles. Magic was founded by the Medes and Persians, whose priests were called Magi. Theocritus mentions tricks being played with a pair of shears and sieve. Sometimes they took counsel of a hatchet, taking it and laying it on a piece of timber flat, performing the feat of turning it round, similar to the key and bible, or the casting of dice to ask the number of wives, children, farms, &c. which answer to the quantity of the chance. Sometimes done by corn, by taking the letters of the name, as when two were to fight, and by their value to judge the conquest, as they said of Hector's being overcome by Achilles; forming a circle they divided it into twenty-four parts, and on each part making a letter, and putting wheat on the letters, they brought in a cock, and observing from what letters he took up the grain, they at last joined them together, and so knew their successors, husbands, &c. Opening a book of Homer, and upon the first verse they glanced at, to divine, as that of the death of Socrates, they foretold it by meeting with that passage which speaks of the arrival of Achilles, within three days, at Thessaly. Hence the Romans, in public causes, had recourse to the Sybilline oracles, and the private Grecians to Homer's verses. Sors was put for the writings of oracles, out of the words Sortes Delphicae. The priestess of and he has shewn them that he was de-Apollo being inspired with hallowed fury, replied to those who asked counsel. Yet Euripides testifies that they, in spite of their cunningness, had a kind of lottery. Crackling leaves, out of a fire, and divination of the air, were particularly noticed, and had their consequent results. But I have, I fear, been too prolix, and I therefore come to a conclusion, with one observation, viz. 'If superstition and prophecy possessed the minds of our ancestors in so strong a degree, how it behoves us to

we should walk in darkness and lose the advantage of a more cultivated historical epoch!'

### ANTIPHON THE ORATOR.

ANTIPHON, an orator of Athens, was the first that wrote an oration, and delivered precepts concerning it. We are informed by Cicero, that no man ever went beyond him in pleading of causes of life and death, as it appeared when he pleaded his own case. Suidas called him Nestor, and after Gorgius, the prime of orators. Philostratus agrees with this opinion, assigning a reason, that because he was able to persuade in whatsoever he proposed.

He used to sell his pleadings at a very high price, so that he became thereby very wealthy; he was cotemporary with Socrates, with whom he had frequent conferences :- Xenophon relates one that he had with that philosopher; -he studied also poetry, and professed that he had an art thereby to drive away all sadness.

This proves how powerfully poetry operates on the human mind and character.

Plutarch says, that Antiphon lived in an hired house, near the Forum, where he published, by pen and paper, that he could cure all griefs, so that when any addressed him, and related the causes of their sorrows, he very sweetly allayed them. But, though he possessed so wonderful a charm against care, and was his own instructor according to Plutarch, yet he could not quell the tumult of his times, nor avert that wrath which put him to death, B. C. 411.

#### LORD BYRON AND MR. SOUTHEY.

MR. Southey could not sit quiet under the caustic remarks of Lord Byron. He has been compelled to show the world that he was stung to the quick, servedly stung, by his powerless and ridiculous attempt, not to defend himself, but to sting again.

With a sophisticating spirit worthy both of the cause and the man, he pretends to come at once to Lord Byron's charge against him, by dragging into the fore ground an observation of his lordship which is almost parenthetical, and which, at any rate, contains not the chief subject of accusation. If this charge had been omitted, such of Lord Byron's remarks as remained avoid their errors by examination, lest | would have thrown the laureat into as

great a passion, or have left him in as cold a sweat, as he felt while he wrote the pitiful reply on which we are observing. He conceives the charge against him to be, that on his return from Switzerland he scattered abroad calumnies against Lord B. and others. -This he utterly denies. But when he mentions his return from Switzerland, he puts in the year 1817, which Lord Byron never mentions. Now, what does Mr. Southey mean by this? Does he intend to say he did calumniate Lord Byron on his return from any other journey or residence, that he is so precise about the date of this? Lord Byron may have been wrong as to date ! and journey and all that, and yet he and others may have been calumniated by Mr. Southey at some other time. If any impartial man reads his letter, he will find that his denial is from beginning to end connected with this identical return from Switzerland. It would have been far better for his own sake, if he had said he had never calumniated Lord Byron at all! But, supposing that his lordship had been misinformed about Mr. Southey's having calumniated him (as the phrase is) behind his back, can Mr. Southey deny that he has calumniated and does calumniate him to his face? Southey possesses, in great perfection, the Billingsgate qualification of calling names. Turks and Monks, Baron Geramb, the Green Man, the Indian Jugglers, and Lord Keeper Guildford, all have their places in illustration of what he conceives is or might be the character of Lord Byron. But when he grows hotter, he is not content with comparisons. He designates his lordship at once, the Coryphæus, the Goliah of the Satanic school. He makes his lordship a giant, and then he pretends that he has slain him-he denominates his lordship Goliah, in order that himself may be the David! A pretty David, truly! The delicate Bobert Southey slinging stones at the forehead of one placed by himself at the head of the Philistines-a little boy pelting snow-balls at the sun, and telling the spectators it is the devil!

Lord Byron has called no names. He has merely told the laureat what he is, an arrogant scribbler of all work.' Mr. Southey seems, in reply, to question the versatility of his own genius; but he underrates himself. We wish any body would publish a list of the immense collection of old ballads, and new translations,-of unsaleable poetry, and poetry that is not poetical, -of

lives of poets, admirals, and priests,of revolutionary sentiments and abominable cant, that he has ' cast upon the waters.' If such a pack of dirt had been thrown into the Thames, we would not like to taste the porter that was made of it.

This apostate says he never published libels on his friends, and then recalled them, and then re-issued themhe does not say any body ever did. He gives us a long tirade of what he has not done, and which by insinuation he tells us that Lord Byron has done, but it is only insinuation. It is, like the attacks of the 'John Bull,' a collection of calumnies, which the trembling writer dare not directly utter. But Mr. Southey has published libels on men whom he would once have called friends, and he has not recalled them. There has been no hesitation about him when he had any such documents to issue; they came out, and they remain so. The only friend of those whom he attacks, is the oblivion which devours his works, and which will soon swallow the libeller as well as his libels. He may print away, but he cannot force a sale, and the 'Vision of Judgment,' fostered like the late and puny child of an imbecile parent, sneered at by the very party it was written to support, kicked about by the world like something that attracts degradation to it as it rolls, bears witness either that Mr. Southey has fallen asleep for a time, or that his judgment has been a vision that vanisheth.

Let the reader, who can get a sight of Mr. Southey's letter, look at the spirit of egotism, of petty and puerile vanity, that runs through it.-Lord Byron is set down as every thing mean and contemptible, and Mr. Southey as every thing good, great, and immortal. Mr. Southey says he was the whip and the branding iron, and of course we must suppose Lord Byron baring his back and his bosom! Mr. Southey is rightly or not, an impartial public has the file; of course Lord Byron is the viper! And, in the midst of all this, he has the impudence to say that 'he justice of whose sentence, no lover of abhors the personalties of our current literature. He abhor personality, whose very personalities caused Lord Byron to remark upon him!—He abhor personalities, who has assumed to himself the attribute of God to pardon and to punish, to put his own friends and patrons in heaven, and to throw those whom it pleases his recreant spirit to pretend to hate into hell! What a fellow is this to abhor personality! And then to say, that he has had the the odious tyrant, George the Third,

thanks of parents for what he has done -that the presuming blasphemer, who has taken the name and place of his Creator, the better to give vent to the pestilential stream of his own vituperative prejudices,—has had the thanks of parents! But this may be true. - Parents, from the first, have thanked people they should have cursed: even our first parents thanked the devil for their destruction.

Mr. Southey never condescends to answer Lord Byron's accusation -- the cause, indeed, of his mentioning the apostate at all. He never ventures to hint a word about the probable death-bed repentance of libelling laureats. He never shows that it was quite right for him to thrust into everlasting fire, those to whom he had once been as a brother and as a son, as a pupil or a fellow labourer. These form the charge against him, and he never so much as hints at it. There is one consolation for him, however,-that if supporting one particular party is to send a man to the internal regions, those who have always been sincerely and consistently attached to the other parties will be saved; but the man that has tried all parties, has done all in his power to damn himself both in this world and the next .- Tyne Mer.

MR. SOUTHEY AND WAT TYLER.

[MR. Southey, in his coarse and intemperate letter in reply to Lord Byron, says, 'I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not affix my name, or which I feared to claim in a court of justice, if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller.' This declaration of the poet lau. reat has induced the editor of Wat Tyler to give the following history of the publication of that far-famed piece of jacobin absurdity.]

When Mr. Winterbotham and Daniel Isaac Eaton were prisoners in Newgate,-the one condemned for uttering sedition in the pulpit, (whether long since decided ;) and the other for issuing blasphemy from the press, (the his country has ever for a single moment questioned,)-Robert Southey, tired of civilized Europe, and sickening at the horrors which despotism was inflicting upon the apostles of liberty. had piously resolved to seek an asylum among the glens and savages of the new world, there to found a pantisocrasy, and to re-commence the golden age of freedom; but, compassionating the blessed martyrs, who, under the reignof

were pinin ion keep he detern farewell, a token of cordingly with his think) fro lent inten of Mr. W conversin as his st the tyran generous silver and inability Wat Ty him so ne poet's hu shrine of full liber nefit, an cause. tated giv ly respe Hog-was but at l thinking the Cor worthy r The man livion au Mr. Wii after-cel all prob fate whi Robert especiall early pr rose to this jaco was han copies o

> other, t the cont Abou attack v the Quo unfortu tical do conveni covered the fury letter ha perusal with eq cant of rance of the pub of both latter p in their fectly i neutral

> > authori

were pining away existence in the donion keep of Newgate's gloomy mound, he determined on bidding them a sad farewell, and leaving with them some token of his affectionate regard. Accordingly, dressed in the plainest garb, with his pilgrim's staff, he walked (I think) from Oxford, to fulfil his benevolent intention. Entering the apartment of Mr. Winterbotham, where Eaton was conversing with him, he hailed them as his suffering brethren, denounced the tyranny which opprest them, and generously presented them, instead of silver and gold, which he deplored his inability to bestow, with the identical Wat Tyler which has since rendered him so notorious. It was, he said, the poet's humble offering at the deserted shrine of freedom, which they were at full liberty to publish for their own benefit, and the advancement of the good cause. Eaton, for a long time, meditated giving it to the world in his highly respectable publication, intitled Hog-wash for the Swinish Multitude; but at length abandoned the project, thinking it too democratical even for the Corresponding Society and the worthy radicals of that stormy period. The manuscript was consigned to oblivion among the forgotten papers of Mr. Winterbotham; and, but for the after-celebrity of its author, would, in all probability, have experienced the fate which it deserved. But when Robert Southey became a great man, especially when, by the sacrifice of early principles and early friends, he rose to the dignity of Poet Laureat, this jacobinical production of his muse was handed about in various circles, copies of it were taken by one and another, till it became no longer under the control of its original possessor.

αf

11,

te

if

r.

er

ın

he

of

0.

n-

6M

About the time when the virulent attack was made by Mr. Southey, in the Quarterly Review, on all who were unfortunate enough to retain the political doctrines which he had found it convenient to abandon, and which discovered the malice of an apostate with the fury of a renegado, the writer of this letter happened to be favoured with the perusal of Wat Tyler, and regarding with equal abhorrence the republican cant of the poem and the ultra intolerance of the critique, he resolved that the public should be put in possession of both; that Mr. Southey's early and latter productions, so totally opposite in their political character, yet so perfectly identical in their spirit, might neutralize each other, and expose their

social principle, whether operating in the republican or the Tory, in Wat Tyler, or the Quarterly Review, your correspondent requested his friend to allow him to publish the poem, prefixing to it the simple motto, from a sonnet written by Mr. Southey, on viewing a picture of himself in infancy—

- And I was once like this -Twenty years have wrought strange alteration.'

This was the sole reason why Wat Tyler was permitted to appear from press; and from this statement, the substance of which was prepared in an affidavit from Mr. Winterbotham (who was in no way accessary to the publication) to be laid before the Lord Chancellor, had the injunction which the courageous laureat applied for been granted. It must be evident that no faith was violated, no obligation broken, no injustice inflicted. If Mr. Southey had borne his faculties more meekly, if he could have allowed the public to believe that Whigs and Dissenters, though mistaken, might be honest men-if he had not become at once rude and intolerant, abusive and insolent, Wat Tyler, like a 'spirit from the vasty deep,' would never have risen to confront and confound him.

THE EDITOR OF 'WAT TYLER.' January 23, 1822.

#### ANECDOTE OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

In the course of last summer, a gentleman travelling in the north of Scotland, was told, at the manse of Lethnot, of a Highlander living in that parish, who had reached the unusual age of one hundred and eight, and still preserved the faculties of his mind unimpaired .- Curiosity induced him to visit the old man's cottage. He found him, as had been represented, still vigorous of mind, though greatly enfeebled in body. He had been out, he said, in the Forty-five; a phrase by which the survivors of that unhappy period are in use to express their having taken arms in behalf of the Pretender. Where had he fought? 'I stuck to the prince,' said Patrick Grant, for that is the old man's name, 'frae first to last; I was wi' him in England, and I was wi' him on the bluidy field o' Culloden. Oh! waefu,' waefu' day!' He proceeded, at his visitor's request, to relate the particulars of the battle very nearly as they are represented in the histories of that period, and brought out the 'braid

With this view, detesting the anti- sion, and, waving it over his head, shewed how 'other fields were won.' On inquiring into his circumstances, his visitor was sorry to learn that he depended entirely for support on the charity of his neighbours, and was destitute of all the comforts which declining age requires. 'But for mysel,' said Patrick, I ha'e nae meikle now to care for; it 'ill no be lang now till I'm below the eird. But there's my purr lassie there,' pointing to a silent old woman sitting by the inglecheek, 'I am unco fear'd they'll forget her whan auld Patrick's dead and gane,' ' Never fear, Patrick,' said the worthy clergyman of the parish, who accompanied the stranger, 'while I am minister of Lethnot she shall never want.'

On leaving the cottage, the stranger suggested to Mr. S-, the clergyman, that were a representation of the old man's patriarchal age and destitute situation laid before the king, there was every thing to hope from his Majesty's generosity, never more strongly shewn than it has been to many followers of the exiled house. Mr. S --- approved of the idea, and, since the stranger's return to the metropolis, the rev. gentleman forwarded to him the petition to his Majesty, of which the subjoined is a copy. It was immediately submitted to the king through the medium of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, Bart. and an answer as promptly returned, stating that his Majesty has been most graciously pleased to order out of his private purse, a pension to Patrick Grant and his daughter, and the survivor of them, of one guinea per week. His Majesty had the generous condescension to add that he was only sorry he had not made an earlier application.

PETITION OF PATRICK GRANT TO HIS MAJESTY.

The Humble Petition of Patrick Grant, residing at Westside, Parish of Lethnot, County of Forfar.

'May it please your Majesty,

'The fame of your Majesty's distinguished generosity and benevolence having reached your petitioner in this remote corner of your empire, he is therefore emboldened to approach his sovereign with a representation no less urgent than

' May it please your Majesty,

The years of your petitioner are many, being no less than one hundred and eight; and he is, perhaps, the oldest enemy your Majesty has now alive, having fought at Culloden. Educated a Roman Catholic, and in all the prejudices of the times, he drew his sword in behalf of anoauthor to the just contempt of all parties. | sword' which he had used on the occa- I ther family, and fought with all the ener-

gy of a Highlander; but time and experience have corrected his views. Under the mild administration of your royal predecessors, he has seen the nation flourish, and its glory upheld by their wise, able, and vigorous measures. With equal zeal, then, would he gladly draw the sword in defence of that monarch who now fills the throne, and who, he trusts in God, for the good and happiness of his people, will continue to do so for many years to come!

'But, alas! my royal sire, though the soul of the aged Highlander is still ardent, the frost of age has chilled his vigour. He who, in former times, had experienced all the luxury of a comfortable independence, is now, in the evening of his age, reduced to poverty and want; for he has not even strength left to travel in search of his daily bread: and, to aggravate his distress, to one affectionate daughter, Ann, the only solace of her aged and surviving parent, your Petitioner can only bequeath poverty and rags.

'May it, therefore, please your Majesty to take your petitioner's case into your royal consideration, and to grant such relief as his circumstances may seem to merit; and your petitioner shall ever PATRICK GRANT.

'AL. SYMERS, Minister, Witness.

'JAMES YOUNG, Elder, Witness. THOMAS MOLLISOR, Elder, Witness.

'JAMES GORDON, Elder, Witness. 'JAMES SPEED, Elder, Witness.'

### Americana,

No. I.

#### INDIAN GRATITUDE.

Nor many years after the county of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a strange Indian came one day into an inn, in the town of Litchfield, in the dusk of the evening, and requested the hostess to furnish him with some drink and a supper. At the same time, he observed, that he could pay for neither, as he had had no success in hunting, but promised payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune. The hostess refused him both the drink and supper, called family, xperiencing the customary him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing effects of savage hospitality. The folfellow, and told him, that she did not work so hard herself to throw away her earnings upon such creatures as he was. A man, who sat by, and observed that the Indian, then turning about to leave so inhospitable a place, shewed by his countenance that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, directed the hostess to supply him what he wished, and engaged to pay the bill himself. She did so. When the Indian had finished his supper, he turned to his benefactor,

whenever he was able, would faithfully recompense it. For the present, he observed, he could only reward him with a story, which, if the hostess would give him leave, he wished to tell. The hostess, whose complacency had been recalled by the prospect of payment, consented. The Indian, addressing himself to his benefactor, said, 'I suppose you read the Bible.' The man assented. 'Well,' said the Indian, 'the Bible say God made the world; and then he took him, and looked on him, and say "i'ts all very good." Then he made light; and took him, and looked on him, and say, "it's all very good." Then he made dry land and water, the sun and moon, and grass and trees; and took him, and looked on him, and said, 'it's all very good." Then he make beasts, and birds, and fishes, and took him, and looked on him, and say, "it's all very ood." Then he made man, and took him, and looked on him, and say, "it's all very good." Then he made woman, and took him and looked on him, and he no dare say one such word.' The Indian having told his story, withdrew.

Some years after, the man who had befriended him, had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness, between Litchfield and Albany, then a frontier settlement, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of the tribe, on the southern border of the St. Lawrence, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death. During the consultation, an old Indian woman demanded, that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him in the place of a son, whom she had lost in the war. He was accordingly given to her, and lived through the succeeding winter in her lowing summer, as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came up to him, and asked to meet him at a place which he pointed out, upon a given day. The prisoner agreed to the proposal, but not without some apprehensions that mischief was intended him. During the interval, these apprehensions increased to such a degree, as to dissuade him, effectually, from fulfilling his engagement. Soon after, the same Indian found him at his work again, and very thanked him, and assured him that he gravely reproved him for not perform. the freedom of the theatre, by way of

should remember his kindness, and ing his promise. The man apologized awkwardly enough, but in the best manner in his power. The Indian told him that he should be satisfied, if he would meet him at the same place on a future day, which he named. The man promised to meet him, and fulfilled his promise. When he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian provided with two muskets, ammunition for them, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each, and follow him. - The direction of their march was to the south.—The man followed, without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whither he was going; but concluded, that if the Indian intended him harm, he would have despatched him at the beginning, and that at the worst he was as safe where he was, as he could be in any other place. Within a short time, therefore, his fears subsided, although the Indian observed a profound and mysterious silence concerning the object of the expedition. In the day time they shot such game as came in their way; and at night kindled a fire, by which they slept. After a tedious journey of many days, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, presenting a prospect of a cultivated country, in which was a number of houses. The Indian asked his companion whether he knew the ground. He replied eagerly, that it was Litchfield. His guide then, after reminding him that he had so many years before relieved the wants of a famishing Indian, at an inn in that town, subjoined, 'I am that Indian; now I pay you; go home.' Having said this, he bade him adieu; and the man joyfully returned to his own house.— President Dwight's Travels.

#### A THEATRICAL ADDRESS..

THE managers of the theatre recently erected in the city of New York, having offered a premium of fifty dollars for the best address which should be furnished, to be spoken at its opening, upwards of fifty candidates offered for the prize. It was awarded to Mr. C. Sprague, of Boston. We do not know,' says the New York Evening Post, ' whether the following address was among the number presented to the literary committee of the theatre for the premium, and rejected; but one thing we will venture to say, there was none offered half so well calculated to produce dramatic effect; and we hope the managers will present the author with

encourag fort.

FOR THE

Ludie Enlightene Our play-h Without in Fine fun fo The proud Such warn It was a w Worse the

flowe The eveni Нарру а The morni As home But, than know To love th

Thanks to Who joy paid, -Again c Inside and With bes plaste The Lord

tor! † 'As an Comes or As an old Looks wis As Mat. 1

Repairs th As the ne Be worth So is our Its roof is It is insu And cost highe

Tis n cloth Are all qu The super New drill They'll ea tion The right We've so And a ne So that th

The topm A speech, Whether A speech, And powe What I Twas tha

went With his i Dining w What, wi Reviv'd Meig

\* Mr. ( of the sta the varia has some tions of l † Mess of the the encouraging him to make a second effort.'

AN ADDRESS,

:ed

est

lan

, if

926

ed.

ind

ar-

ıu-

ks.

0

1011

he

W-

her

t if

he

De-

as

in

lgh

ind

ob-

lay

10

re,

ous

one

ce,

ted

of

m-

ad.

ch-

nd-

)e-

ng

ıb-

1

aid

tly

ars

he

for

C.

ot

st,

vas

li-

the

ng

ne

0-

he

th

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE,
To be spoken by Mr. Olliff \*.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Enlightened as you are, you all must know,
Our play-house was burnt down, some time ago,
Without insurance; 'twas a famous blaze,
Fine fun for firemen, but dull sport for plays:
The proudest of our whole dramatic corps
Such warm reception never met before.
It was a woeful night for us and ours,
Worse than dry weather to the fields and
flowers.

The evening found us gay as summer's lark,
Happy as sturgeons in the Tappan sea;
The morning, like the dove from Noah's Ark,
As homeless, houseless, innocent as she.

But, thanks to those who ever have been

To love the public interest—when their own;
Thanks to the men of talent and of trade,
Who joy in doing well—when they're well
paid,

-Again our fire-worn mansion is rebuilt;
Inside and outside, neatly carv'd and gilt,
With best of paint and canvass, lath and
plaster:

The Lord bless Beckman and John Jacob Astor!+

'As an old coat from Jenning's pat ent screw, Comes out clean scower'd brighter than the new;

As an old head in Saunders' patent wig Looks wiser than when young, and twice as hig:

As Mat. Van Buren, in the Senate hall,
Repairs the less we met in Sanford's fall;
As the new constitution will (we're told)
Be worth at least a dozen of the old:
So is our new house better than her brother;
Its roof is painted yellowe, than the other;
It is insured at three per cent. 'gainst fire,
And cost three times as much and is six inches higher!

'Tis not the house alone; the prompter's clothes

Are all quite new; so are the fiddlers' bows:
The supernum'raries are newly shav'd,
New dail'd, and all extremely well behav'd,
They'll each one be allowed, (1 stop to men-

The right of suffrage by the new convention.)
We've some new thunder, several new plays,
And a new splendid carpet—of green baize:
So that there's naught remains to bid us reach
The topmost bough of favor, but a speech;
A speech, the prelude of each public meeting,
Whether for morals, charity, or eating;
A speech, the modern mode of winning hearts,
And power and fame, in politics and arts.

What made the good Monroe our president?
Twas that through all this blessed land he went,

With his immortal cock'd hat and short breeches Dining wherever asked, and making speeches. What, when Missouri stood on her last legs, Reviv'd her hopes? The speech of Henry Meigs;

of the stage, and likewise contributes much to the variation and novelty of its scenery. He has sometimes been slurred with the appellations of lamp-lighter and sceneshifter.

† Messrs. Astor and Beekman are proprietors of the theatre.

What proves our country learned, wise, and hap-

Mitchell's address to Alpha Beta Kappa.

What has convinced the world that we have men.

First with the sword, the chisel, brush, and pen, Shaming all English authors, men or madams? The Fourth of July speech of Mr. Adams. Yes; if our managers grow great and rich, And players prosper, let them thank my speech; And let the name of Oliff proudly go With Meigs and Adams, Mitchell and Monroe.

#### ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

An examination of the pupils of the New York Institution, for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, took place at that city, on the 25th of October, 1821. The number of unfortunates were sixty, who excited much interest by the manner in which they went through their exercises. A Miss Barnard, from Utica, expressed in signs the Lord's prayer, and no one could fail to understand her. Her attitude was devotional, her gestures graceful and significant, her countenance expressive, and her whole performance indicated a knowledge of what her signs expressed: she had only been under instruction fourteen months.

The exercise which followed was one of memory, and in this several took part. Among the rest Miss Bernard reduced to writing the Lord's prayer, which she had previously rendered by signs. Another pupil wrote the history of the creation—a third, the flood—a fourth, the ten commandments—while another wrote from memory the character of Christ—and a sixth, the miracle of Christ curing the deaf and the blind.

Next followed two small girls, not more than nine or ten years old, who conjugated, by writing on the black board, two verbs through several of the tenses, in connection with the personal pronouns, and a noun, forming a complete sentence; as, 'I curl my hair-I curled my hair—I wash my hands,' &c. This was explained by Mr. Loofborrow, the principal teacher, as the method practised in the New York school for the deaf and dumb, and as involving a principle not adopted in common schools, and which might be beneficially introduced\*. Children generally learn grammar by rote; but as the object of grammar is to teach them the structure of language, it would be better, in going through the moods and tenses of the verbs, to prefix the

\* This, it will be seen, is on Mr. Dufief's system of education, as developed in his work, intitled 'Nature Displayed in her Mode of teaching languages to Man.'—ED.

pronouns and add a noun as in the instances above.

The exercise which followed was the fable of the bear and the bees, from Esop, told in signs by Richard Sip, the son of an able farmer in New Jersey. This went to show that the deaf and dumb understand the nature of a fable and its application.

At this examination, which took place in Dr. Mason's Church, the following elegant ode, written for the occasion by Samuel Woodworth (a transatlantic bard of some celebrity), was sung by the chorister:—

'The ills which call for Pity's tear
Were all in mercy given;
The fetter'd tongue—obstructed ear,
And every woe we suffer here,
Invites us back to Heaven.

'But He who binds the bleeding heart,
By sorrow's tempest riven,
Whose kindness dries the tears that start,
Performs a man's—an angel's part,
And aids the plan of Heaven.

'Then see the tear, from misery's cheek,
By love and genius driven!
Behold! they gain the end they seek!
The Deaf can hear—the Dumb can speak,
And praise approving Heaven.

'And now a bright and glorious morn
Succeeds the dusky even;
The dazzled soul, but newly born,
In wonder lost, salutes the dawn,
And hails the light of Heaven'
New York Journal.

### Original Poetry.

THE GATE OF TABREEZ.

The circumstance which has occasioned the following tale is related by Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his travels through Georgia, Persia, &c. and may be found among the extracts and remarks on that work, in the *Literary Chronicle* of 23rd June, 1821, page 392.

STERN was the winter night, and one Dark, dismal, viewless scene was spread; No little star through ether shone,

A cheering ray of hope to shed.

Primeval silence reign'd around,

As when great nature's work began,

And chaos held in fetters bound

All that now greets the soul of man.

Hoar frost lay on the earth; the air,

Beyond all mortal bearing cold,

Bade the poor traveller beware,

And seek some comfortable hold.

The traveller passed the snow-clad road,
And reach'd the city wall—too late,

Alas! to find, within, abode;—
The sun was set—and shut the gate.
Within were all in this life held

A wife, whose breast would comfort yield,
An offspring that would joy impart.

Terror before him stood, in all
The giant horrors clad that can
The fear-struck faculties appal,
And desolate the soul of man.

No cottage lent a glimmering light, No dreary hovel, no poor shed, Offer'd a shelter for the night,
To rest the shivering traveller's head.

Beside his weary horse he stood,

His mute but faithful friend in need;
Woe-worn and cold, he hopeless view'd,
The perils of himself and steed.

Piercing, and still more piercing, flew
The night-fiend on the chilling blast;
The horror still increasing grew,
Though but a few sad hours had pass'd.

He dare not wander far away,
For robbers much the road infest,
And plunder even in open day;
Thus fear and danger on him prest.

How bitter are the thoughts, when woes
Thus terrible the bosom swell;
Ah! who the misery can disclose,
Or half the sad reflections tell?

He silent paced beside his steed,

He look'd—he listen'd for a sound—

He paus'd—he ponder'd on a deed,

Which gave his heart a deadly wound.

He felt an anxious inward dread,

That ere the morning light should beam,—
The sky his tent—the earth his bed—
All would be o'er, and life a dream.

Yet to preserve this ruin (poor And wretched, and almost o'ercome With more than nature can endure) From the inevitable doom

Approaching fast, it surely yet
Were worth the trial, for the sun
Of life, though lambent, was not set,
And soon a brighter course might run.

The thought was dreadful, but the love
Of life surpassed the dreadful thought;
Despair the milder passions drove,
And almost into a phrenzy wrought.

His poniard hung within his belt,

He hesitated on the deed—

His hand involuntary felt

The steel, and plunged it in his steed.

Struck was the fatal blow; the horse
Deep in his heart the weapon found,—
He stagger'd—fell a lifeless corse,
And stained with honest blood the ground.

All solitary, sad, and dark
The traveller's soul, as the dark night,
Yet he had hope to save the spark
Of life, till the returning light:

For this he ripp'd the lifeless trunk,

For this, one last sad struggle gave;

Within the poor remains he shrunk,—

Which made at once his bed and grave.

# SONNET TO NIGHT.

How grateful is thy presence, sable night!

To weary man thou givest a relief,

From toil, and care, and heart-corroding

grief,—

To gentle sleep thou dost the wretch invite.

How joys the slave on dread Morocco's shore, When parting day empurples all the west; How glows his bosom with the hope of rest, How pleas'd he drops the weary-toilsome oar.

Now sinks the captive wretch in self-repose,
But sleep not thus his cares—at early morn
Distracting dreams renew his state forlorn,
And scenes of terror double all his woes;
No joy nor smile excites the morning's light,
He sighs for thy return, oblivious night.

SAM SPRITSAIL,

THE SAILOR'S DEATH.

How restless he lies on his rocking bed,
The cublasses round him are swinging;
He heeds not the tempest that bursts over head,
Far away is quick memory winging.

He starts, but it is not the dash of the wave
Nor the flash of the lightning thatmoves him;
'Tis not the cold fear of a watery grave,—

'Tis the thought of his Mary that loves him. He thinks on the shore where the evening smiles.

When the sun and the waters are meeting; On his Mary's song and his infant's wiles, But he hears not the sound of their greeting.

He is gone—he is cold—he is cast in the deep— But where are the hearts that will sorrow; O'er the grave of blue waters his messmates may weep

To day—but they smile on the morrow.

## The Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.—The opening of this house, which always forms a sort of epoch in the fashionable world, took place on the 12th inst.; when a numerous and elegant audience attended. The first piece was the favourite opera of Nozze di Figaro, in which there were some first appearances, as well as in the new ballet which succeeded, enentitled Pandore, founded on the destinies of Epimethus and Pandora, who, after undergoing most of the vicissitudes to which beings of their condition are subjected, are happily united by Cupid. The scenery was very splendid, and the costume appropriate. In the opera, a Madame Caradori appeared for the first time on any stage, in the character of the Page, which she played with much spirit.

On Tuesday, a new opera was produced at this theatre, entitled Il Barone di Dolsheim. The composer is a Signor Giovanni Pacini, a name hitherto unknown in the lists of fame. It is an Italian dramatic version of an anecdote in the life of Frederick the Great, which has been as great a favourite on the French stage as Les Deux Pages, and not less so at Covent Garden Theatre, under the title of The Two Pages of Frederick the Great. The story is thus detailed in the opera:—

Carlo, Baron of Dolsheim, (Curioni,) is a young soldier, who enters into the Prussian army with at once the rank of major of the King's Guard. But a military nurse accompanies him, named Brandt, (Ambrogetti,) 'a half-pay corporal, and, familiar friend of Carlo.' The young Baron is much addicted to play, and a little to love, and by his neglect of duty, incurs the displeasure of his patron, Frederick the Great, who sapiently judges that the surest way to correct his wanderings is to imprison him in a strong castle; which Carlo, upon his arrival there, finds is under

the government of Signor di Blumantal, the father of Amalia, (Mad. Camporese,) with whom he is enamoured. Brandt, the half-pay corporal, and bosom friend of the great, though juvenile German Baron, attends his high-blooded pupil to the place of his confinement, but immediately returns to head-quarters, and in an astonishly virtuperative memorial, wherein all military subordination is nobly set at defiance, accuses the mild Prussian monarch of folly, injustice, &c.; who patiently and without expostulation confesses his error, and, as a mark of especial favour, allows Corporal Brandt to join his bosom friend. the major, in his prison. Major, the Baron of Dolsheim, however, has, en attend. ant, not been idle, but has contrived to obtain a very pleasant interview with Amalia, the governor's daughter; and the bold Corporal finds the two lovers. with another couple, Teodora, Conte di Feingh, (Placci,) and Batilde, (Sig. Caradori,) a second daughter of the governor, -singing a quartetto together, much at their ease. The King arrives immediately after, in order to release the incarcerated young warrior; but the latter had fled upon hearing of his sovereign's approach. Frederick's anger is re-kindled, and he vows revenge. At this moment a hostile army threatens an attack upon his camp. All is confusion, and Carlo, re-appearing at the critical instant, turns the tide of victory in favour of his friend and king, who rewards him by a free pardon, a dukedom, and the hand of Amalia.

A Signor Cartoni made his debut in the character of Frederick the Great; and although he represented this eccentric monarch as too much enfeebled by age, yet there was much character in his performance. His voice is between a tenor and a bass, of that class called a barotono, and is remarkable for uniting facility and softness of modulation with depth of volume. countenance, it is easy to perceive that a strong comic part would have displayed his talents to more advantage than the serious one which was assigned to him. His tones are true to the notes, and have been evidently well cultivated in the Italian school. Ambrogetti represented Corporal Brandt, and was highly amusing. The energy of Amalia afforded to Madame Camporese an opportunity of adding a new and distinguished wreath to her reputation. Since her performance of Agnese we have seen her in no part in which she displays so much power. It falls chiefly to her to melt, by her prayers, the rocky heart of Frederick, and, in accomplishing that amiable mission, she developed an intensity of feeling, and an acquaintance with those fine gestures of suppliant beauty. In delivering her appeal to

was stri of those arly exe it, and thusiast In th

praise sesses l pally be sim and acts are nent co rather h in which occurs. piece. · Mi m guished interspe procure encore. tween I worthy voice d bling d Madan rit into and to immed le lagr trally in howeve serves ' Cielo and fu plause The op not pro rity. Ebers,

> ments abunda DRU gedy of week, princip those p of rage, prey up admiral the sto proved CHISE C blood, trance. been w highly i

mannet

the ope

Edgar On gedy o

Edmist

quitted

the king for the life of her lover, she was strikingly impressive. It was one of those situations in which she peculiarly excels; the audience appreciated it, and expressed their delight by enthusiastic applause.

ntal.

ese,)

indt,

d of

iron, the

itely

iton-

all

i de-

arch

and

rror,

OWS

end,

Ba-

end.

d to

with

and

vers, e di

ara-

nor,

h at

iate-

erat-

fled

ach. he

stile

mp.

ring

VIC-

who

om,

tin

eat;

en-

rın

een

lled

nt-

tion

hat

dis-

age

an-

the

vell

ool.

oral

ng.

Ma-

of

ath

rm-

no

uch

elt,

re-

hat

m-

nce

ant

to

In the music, we cannot award much praise to Signor Pacini, since it possesses little originality; being principally borrowed from the works of Rossim and Mayer; the finales of the two acts are entirely from the former eminent composer. The first act went on rather heavily until the twelfth scene, in which the quartett 'Ogni giorno' occurs. It was a short but charming piece. The septett towards the close, 'Mi manca il fiato,' was also distinguished by several grand movements, interspersed with soft passages, which procured for it the honour of the first encore. A duet in the second act, between Batilde and Theodore, was also worthy of notice, but Placei's strong voice did not blend well with the warbling delicate tones of Signor Caradori. Madame Camporese infused great spirit into the short solo 'In quel cor,' and to her exertions in the piece which immediately follows, 'Forza non han le lagrime,' the opera is very essentially indebted. The noblest triumph, however, of the composer, if he deserves the credit of it, is the quartett 'Cielo! il mie labro.' It was encored, and fully merited the tumult of applause by which it was distinguished. The opera was well received, but does not promise to ensure a long popularity. Great praise is due to Mr. Ebers, for the very liberal and spirited manner in which he has commenced the opera season, and whose arrangements are such as to deserve the most abundant patronage.

DRURY LANE THEATRE. - The tragedy of Lear has been performed this week, when Mr. Kean sustained the principal character, and portrayed all those passions and afflictions, whether of rage, imbecility, or madness, which prey upon the 'choleric old king,' with admirable effect. In the description of the storm, his acting was much improved since we fast saw bim; his curse on Goneril almost chilled the blood, and his recovery from the trance, and finding that Cordelia had been watching over his safety, was highly impressive and affecting. Miss Edmiston played Cordelia, and acquitted herself well; and Mr. Cooper's Edgar possessed much merit.

On Thursday night, Otway's tra-

formed for the first time this season. Mr. Kean's acting, in Jaffier, almost redeemed the character of the conspirator, which is always endangered with the audience; in the scenes with Belvidera, he threw such a degree of uxorious tenderness and pathos, as we have seldom seen infused into the part; his description to Pierre of Reinault's baseness was also excellent, and only surpassed by his account of that 'vile blow' inflicted by his injured friend; his very soul seemed to recoil within him at the recollection of the affront. Mr. Cooper played Pierre with much spirit; indeed, we think it one of his most successful tragic efforts. Edmiston was the Belvidera of the evening; her performance was chaste and correct, and she gave the declamatory passages of the author with much effect; but she was deficient in tenderness; indeed there was much more affection in her attitudes than in her voice.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Thursday night, the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet was performed, for the purpose of introducing to the London boards Miss Fanny Brunton, in the character of Juliet. This lady has the advantage of a slight figure, a prepossessing countenance, and a clear voice. Her reception was so flattering that it seemed almost to overpower her feelings, and evidently affected her whole performance, which was rather tame; but the garden scene and the interview with the nurse displayed much good taste, and the former was not wanting in feeling. It will, however, be necessary to see her again, and in some other character, before we decide on her qualifications for that walk of the drama which she has selected. Mr. Macready was the lover, and on seeing him in the character, Juliet was not the only one who inquired of him 'wherefore art thou Romeo?' adding 'let him renounce that name, which is no part of him.' Any one in the least acquainted with Mr. Macready, must know that Romeo is one of the characters for which his talents are entirely unfitted. In consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Jones, Mr. Abbot undertook the part of Mercutio, and sustained it very respectably.

### The Bce.

· Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant, Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.' LUCRETIUS.

About seven years ago, a woman, in one of the low neighbourhoods near Clerkenwell, desired her servant girl gedy of Venice Preserved was per- to bring down one of the sheets from tea, discovered that life was fled.

off her bed, and to make a shift with the other; the next morning the mistress asked for the second sheet, on which the poor girl said she had done as her mistress had told her,—'she had made a shift, (i. e. chemise) with it, and then had it on.'-The mistress in a rage caused the girl to be taken before a magistrate, at Hatton Garden, for a felony in stealing the sheet; the magistrate, however, deeming the words to make a shift with the sheet as bearing a complete double meaning, dismissed the complaint, leaving the parties to settle it between themselves.

A clergyman and a physician lived in the same village in America on terms of great intimacy. - The former was attacked by a violent fit of the gout, and the latter attended his reverend friend, gratuitously, with unabating care and corresponding success. The medical gentleman soon after called upon his neighbour, the parson, to perform a certain service; and the call was promptly and cheerfully obeyed. The clergyman took an early opportunity of withdrawing himself from the assembled company, alone and unobserved; but he was soon followed to his home by a brother of the physician, requesting his acceptance of a rouleau of guineas, as a marriage fee. divine retired for two minutes to his study, and returned the ronleau to the bearer, with a note containing the following real impromptu—

To the doctor the parson's a sort of a brother; And a good turn from one deserves one from

the other;

So take back your guineas, dear doctor again; Nor give-what you so well can remedy-pain. Permit me to wish you all joy, and delight On th' occasion that brought us together to-

May health, fame and wealth attend you thro'

And ev'ry day add to the bliss of your wife. Judge Holt, being once on the bench at the Old Baily, convicted a man of a robbery, whom he remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, he inquired what had become of certain individuals who belonged to the party. Upon which the fellow replied with a sigh and low bow, 'Ah! my Lord, they are all hanged except your Lordship and I.'

The Bishop of Cloyne, the celebrated George Berkely, was sitting in the midst of his family, listening to a book his lady was reading, when he was seised with a palsy of the heart, and died so easily that he seemed asleep, till his daughter, on handing him some

### Adbertisements.

On the 31st of January, price 6s. No. III. of THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave Maria Laue, London; and WAUGH and INNES, Edinburgh.

This day was published, in 12mo. price 7s. 6d. boards,

ESSAYS, Moral, Philosophical, and Stomachical, on the important Science of GOOD-LIVING. Dedicated to the Right Worshipful the Court of Aldermen.

By LAUNCELOT STURGEON, Esq.
Fellow of the Beef-Steak Club, and an Honorary Member of several Foreign Pic Nics, &c.
&c &c.

Eat! drink! and be merry!—for to-morrow you die.'

Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, 13, AveMaria Lane.

Howard's Life of Lady Jane Grey.

This day is published, elegantly printed in post octavo, and embellished with an accredited Likeness and numerous Cuts, price 12s. in boards,

LADY JANE GREY, and HER TIMES. By GEORGE HOWARD, Esq.

\*\* This Volume is illustratrive of that period in the Sixteenth Century, (between the turbulent and tyrannic reign of the last Henry and the glerious though despotic one of his daughter Elizabeth,) which is replete with variety, and of high interest to the Antiquary, to the Philosopher, to the Man of Taste, and to the Christian, as the Infancy of our Arts, our Knowledge, our Manners, and our Reformed Faith.

London: Printed for SHERWOOD, NEELY, and JONES, Paternoster Row.

A New Monthly Magazine for Young Persons. On the 1st of February, 1822, will be published, elegantly printed on fine Paper, with a coloured Plate and several Wood-cuts, price 1s. 6d. No. I. of

THE YOUTH'S MONTHLY VISITOR, OR INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY; containing Recreations and Amusements in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Natural History, and Botany; Inventions and Improvements; Philosophical Questions; Manners and Customs of different Nations; Rules of Life, Moral Tales, Biography, Practical Wisdom, Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.: intended for the moral and literary Improvement of both Sexes.

London: Printed for SHERWOOD, NEELY, and JONES, Paternoster Row.

\*\* The express object and tendency of the Monthly Visitor are to strew flowers over the thorny path of Science; to attract Youth imperceptibly to the study of the various departments of knowledge which form the basis of a polite Education; to interest their feelings, while their understandings are informed; and, above all, to protect them against the contamination of the false and speculative Philosophy of the day,

\* To those engaged in the superintendence and education of youth, the MONTHLY VISITOR is especially recommended, as offering a continual incitement to the acquisition of useful knowledge, and a store of recreative reading, which cannot fail innocently to amuse, and very much to instruct, the young Pupil.

This day was published, in 8vo. price 12s. bds.,

A CRITICAL DISSERTATION on the Nature and Principles of TASTE.

By M. M'DERMOT,
Author of a Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles,
in Reply to his Letter to Thomas Campbell,
Esq., and to his Two Letters to the Right Hon.
Lord Byron, in Vindication of their Defence of
the Poetical Character of Pope.

Printed for G. and W. B. WHTTAKER, Ave-Maria Lane.

This day is published, in two vols. 8vo. price 30s. boards,

TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELI-VERED; an Heroic Poem; with Notes and occasional Illustrations.

Translated by the Rev. J. H. HUNT, A M. Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

'He (Mr. Hunt) is more faithful than Pope or Dryden, more spirited than Cowper or Warton, and he has less mannerism and affectation than Mr. Sotheby. He is obviously well acquainted with his original, and has read him with all the enthusiastic admiration which a translator ought to feel.'—Quarterly Review.

'Mr. Hunt's bold powers, as a translator, often approach nearer to the grandeur and spirit of the original, than any translation of the Modern Classics that we possess.'—Monthly Review, Sept. 1819,

'It entirely supersedes every translation of the Jerusalem Delivered which has hitherto been presented to the public, and we do not hesitate to declare, that, in our opinion, the Tasso of Mr. Hunt need not fear a comparison with the Homer of Pope.'—British Critic, May. Printed for J. Mawman, 39, Ludgate Street.

Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

This day wast published price 11. 1s. the Fifth Part, (and the four preceding parts, price 11. 1s. each) of

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA ME-TROPOLITANA.—This work has fallen under the management of new proprietors, who have made arrangements for its permament continuance upon the original plan, and for its future regular publication.

\*\*\* A new Pospectus is now ready for delivery.

Printed for J. MAWMAN; F. C and J. Rivington; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; Sherwood, Neely, and Joues; G. and W. B. Whittaker; Ogle, Duncan, and Co. London; J. Parker, Oxford; and Deighton and Sons, Cambridge.

Rivington's Annual Register, commencing with his present Majesty's Reign. This day is published, in one large Volume,

8vo. price 18s boards,

THE ANNUAL REGISTER; or, a View of the History, Politics, and Literature, for the Year 1820. Including a Sketch of the Character of his late Majesty.

Printed for F. C. and J. RIVINGTON, 62, St. Paul's Church Yard, and 3, Waterloo Place, Pall Mail.

\*\*\* The arrangement of the Miscellaneous part of this Volume, differs in some degree from that of former volumes. The extracts from books have been abridged, and a new department introduced, entitled 'Literary and Philosophical Miscellany;' consisting principally of facts connected with the history of science and letters for the year. A List of books and pamphlets published in 1820, classed under the different heads, is also added.

New Octavo Edition of ' Italy.'

This day is published, handsomely printed in 3 vols 8vo. price 21. 2s. boards, a new edition of

ITALY. By LADY MORGAN.

Author of 'France,' 'Florence Macarthy,' 'O'Donnel,' &c.

'Lady Morgan's fearless and excellent work upon Italy.' LORD BYRON.

'Lady Morgan has given us more information on the actual state of society in Italy at the present moment, than can be found in any of the numerous publications which have made their appearance since the peace.'— New Monthly Magazine.

'This is not merely a work of opinions expressed in the ornamental style of the writer. It is a substantial account of Italy, and may be consulted for its facts by the historian, the traveller, and the topographer.'—Monthly Magazine.

We may compare her lighter and happier efforts to those schools of painting which she seems most to admire—the Dutch, Flemish, and Venetian. Of these the characteristics are brilliant colouring, contrast, variety, bustle, spirited details, pleasing imitation; and in such traits consist the excellency of Lady Morgan.—Monthly Review, Nov.

London: Printed for HENRY COLBURN and Co., Conduit Street; and retailed by every Bookseller throughout the kingdom.

On 1st of February will be published, price 5s.
No. 9 of The

### RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Containing—1. Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.
—2. Sir John Davies's Immortality of the Soul, and other Poems.—3. Hutton's Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.—4. D'Auvergne Arrets d'Amour, or Court and Parliament of Love.—5. Scott, Glanvill, King James, Hopkins, &c. on Witchcraft.—6. North's Lives of Sir Dudley North and Dr. North.—7. Herrick's Hesperides.
—8. Quarles's Enchiridion, or Institutions Divine and Moral.

At the same time, Part 5 of a Series of Por-TRAITS of Eminent Historical Characters, introduced in the NOVELS AND TALES OF THE AU-THOR OF WAVERLEY, accompanied with Bio-GRAPHICAL NOTICES. They are engraved in the most highly finished manner, by Mr. R. Cooper, from Drawings made expressly for the Work, by Thurston and Uwins, from the most authentic Originals. To be completed in Seven Parts, each containing Four Portraits. Price of each, in 12mo. 8s.; 8vo. 10s.; Proofs on India Paper, 14s.; Proofs before the Letters (of which twenty-five only are taken), 20s.-Contents of Part Five-Earl of Southampton-Archbishop Sharp—The Young Chevalier—Colonel James Gardiner.

Published by C. and H. BALDWYN, Newgate Street; and R. TRIPHOOK, Old Bond Street.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Have patience with us, and we will answer you all; another week's indulgence we are compelled to ask.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Heand IV. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; and by all other Booksellers and Newsvenders.—Printed by Davidson, Old Boswell Court, Carcy Street.

Form

No

n

Memoi posi Pre the fort nal ler. To th with t tish an refers, biogra tion ce person riors, I must, history

longed

about

the pr

men w

sing th

and b

The E

The

the wit first m sible of encour arts, bu labour motion House speaks that say their e related Pope, v seen a hand w tion of

The involved name had it is get its appear thouse the first held dezvous scure particularly involved in the in

Cat, in

best wr